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ON PARADE

ON PARADE

CARICATURES by

EVA HERRMANN

EDITED BY ERICH POSSELT

CONTRIBUTIONS
BY PROMINENT AUTHORS

1929

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FOREWORD

When we set out to collect the material for "On Parade" we were confronted by two difficulties from the very beginning. One was an *embaras de richesse;* the other one the utter inaccessability of some of the more important stars in America's literary firmament. Who, of a preliminary list of more than one hundred and fifty names, was to be included? Who, on the other hand, had to be included irrespective of whether or not we would be able to see him?

By a process of elimination we finally cut the first list to about sixty-five names leaving it to chance, or the inability of making the necessary connection, to cut it still further. We also prepared a list of four or five which we would have to include even though they might be in Europe or at the South Pole.

And here we are. We have gathered in forty-two all told. Only seven of them we were unable to see. All the rest have been interviewed and their caricatures have been made from life.

Many others we would have liked to see. It is a cause for gratitude and satisfaction that with but one exception everybody we approached was gracious and obliging enough to receive us cordially and patiently; but there were people like Robert Frost, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, Willa Cather, Robinson Jeffers, Louis Untermeyer, Edith Wharton and many others we could not see nor reach. Those we hope to include in a possible second volume.

As far as the authors' contributions are concerned, all of them with but one exception are originals: Edwin Arlington Robinson's words have been quoted before, and are here reprinted with the permission of the author.

My thanks are due to many editors and publishers who put photo-

graphs, sketches and dates at our disposal; to a few individual writers whose works I have used—Mark Van Doren's "Edwin Arlington Robinson," for example, and Isaac Goldberg's "The Man Mencken" and many others too numerous to mention; and before and above everybody else to the authors themselves for their contributions and their invaluable help.

ERICH POSSELT.

ON PARADE

WHEN I was ten years younger, I used to think that the only fellow who could write understandingly or sympathetically of an author was the author himself; and obeying this notion I wrote a good deal of nonsense about my work, usually in the form of apologetic or explanatory letters to misguided friends or enemies. But now, when I am asked to say something about my fourteen years of miscellaneous literary activity, I see how extraordinarily and bewilderingly little I know about myself. I suspect, indeed, that the author himself is the last person to consult on this question. All I can say is that I seem to myself to have moved steadily in one direction. What exactly this direction is, heaven only knows; nor do I know whether it is a good direction or a bad one. Perhaps to an outsider this miscellaneous activity might present an appearance of unity, or seem to present a personality. My own feeling today, however, is that all this has been an experiment, an experiment which hasn't yet come to an end.

CONRAD AIKEN

1914—"Earth Triumphant." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1916—"Turns and Movies." Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

1916—"The Jig of Forslin." The Four Seas Co., Boston.

1917—"Nocturne of Remembered Spring." The Four Seas Co., Boston.

1918—"The Charnel Rose." The Four Seas Co., Boston.

1919—"Scepticisms." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1920—"The House of Dust." The Four Seas Co., Boston.

1921—"Punch, the Immortal Liar." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1922—"Priapus and the Pool." Dunster House Bookshop, Cambridge.

1923—"The Pilgrimage of Festus." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1924—"Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson." (Ed.) Modern Library, New York.

1925—"Bring! Bring!" Boni & Liveright, New York.

1925—"Priapus and the Pool." (Enl. Ed.) Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Blue Voyage." Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

1926—"Senlin." The Hogarth Press, London.

1927—"Modern American Poets." (Ed.) Modern Library, New York.

1928—"Costumes by Eros." Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

1928—"John Deth." The American Caravan. The Macaulay Co., New York.

THE test of great art is its durability, and the only enduring quality in art is beauty, beauty of language, spirit and form. Judged by this standard the American theatre has produced nothing worth remembering. Among Americans who write for the stage there is rarely an attempt to achieve more than the making of entertainments with a background of social criticism, and it follows that there are no American dramatists of significance. If the age we live in asked for more it would doubtless receive more, but as things are our work is so much journalism. It is written, it is acted, it goes over the dam, and there's an end of it.

MAXWELL ANDERSON

1923—"White Desert." Produced by Brock Pemberton.

1924—"What Price Glory." (In coll.) Produced by Arthur Hopkins.

1925—"What Price Glory." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1925—"Outside Looking In" (Adaptation). Produced by Kenneth Macgowan.

1925—"You Who Have Dreams." Simon & Schuster, New York.

1927—"Saturday's Children." Produced by The Actor's Theatre.

1927—"Saturday's Children." Longmans Green & Co., New York.

THERE is an old man, in an early book of mine, named Doctor Reefy. He had spent most of his life—this was before the day of the automobile—in driving about an Ohio countryside in a buggy drawn by an old horse.

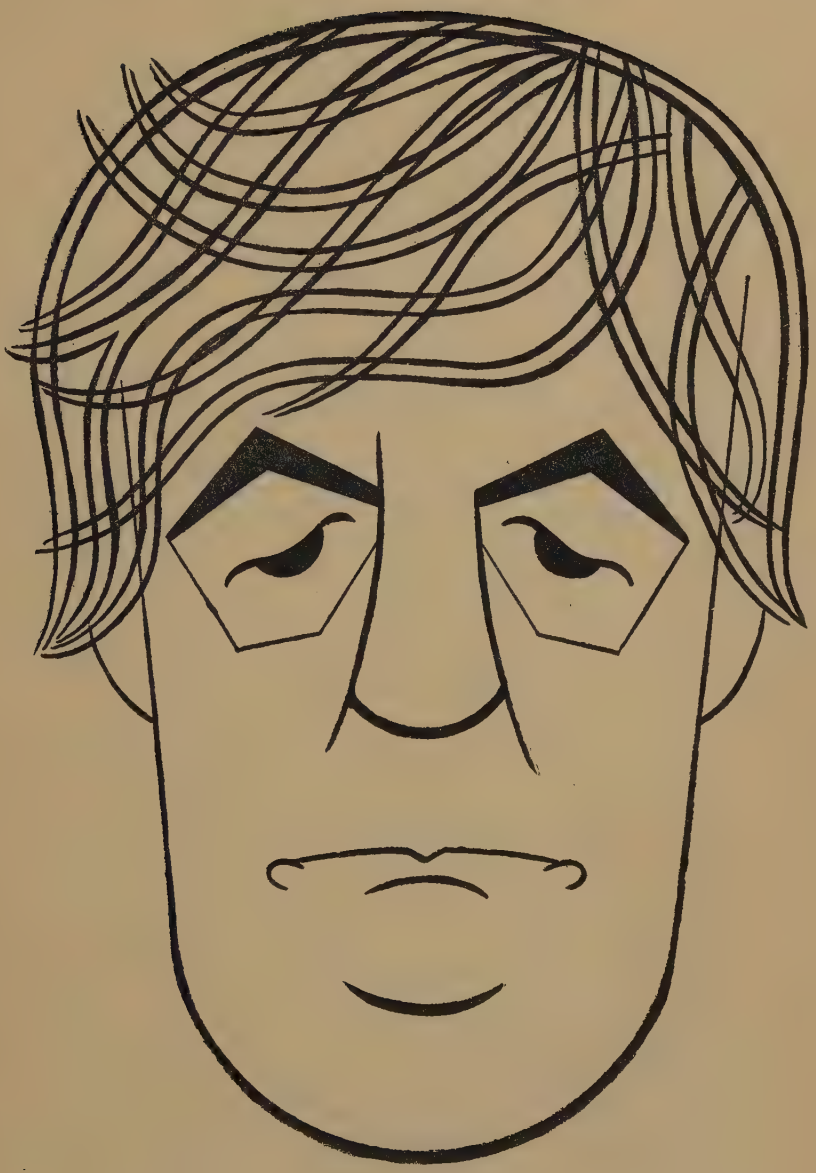
Hours of quiet as he drove through the country-long empty stretches of road passed over slowly. Thoughts came to him. He wrote the thoughts out on bits of paper and put them in his pocket. Occasionally one of his thoughts became a definite idea. It excited him. It o'ermastered him for the time. It seemed to him like a huge cloud, blotting out the visible world.

Then the idea blew up. There was something like an inner explosion. The little vagrant thought began again.

This old man had a friend named John Spaniard, a tree nurseryman. The Doctor used to go to see him sometimes. The little slips of paper, on which the Doctor had written out his thoughts, had accumulated in his pockets. They had become little hard round balls. Occasionally he took a handful of them out of his pocket and threw them at his friend, laughing as he did so.

If you cannot find what philosophy of life I have in that story I am unable to give it to you.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON



1916—"Windy McPherson's Son." John Lane, New York.

1917—"Marching Men." John Lane, New York.

1918—"Mid-American Chants." John Lane, New York.

1919—"Winesburg, Ohio." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1920—"Poor White." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1921—"The Triumph of the Egg." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1922—"Many Marriages." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1923—"Horses and Men." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1924—"A Story Teller's Story." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1925—"Dark Laughter." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Sherwood Anderson's Note Book." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Tar: A Midwest Childhood." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"The Modern Writer," San Francisco.

1927—"A New Testament," Boni & Liveright, New York.

MY excuse for being able to keep awake in contemporary America is an extreme interest in the minute beginnings of an intellectual revival which expresses itself, unfortunately, in the very terms of the intellectual downfall of the elder United States, in emotionalism and cant. An abolition of the Abolitionist mental system by the methods of Abolitionism is very entertaining. The Abolitionists canted against the wicked slave holders who drank spirits and kept pretty mulatto girls and made money with the assistance of the bondman, under the lash. We now cant against the morale of the Abolitionists, as far as I can see, by proclaiming our inalienable rights to drink spirits, keep pretty mulatto girls and make money with the assistance of the bondman, the poor public, by railing against Puritanism. The Abolitionist of 1840 was not honest in that he mistook his emotions for ideas. The Neo Abolitionist manifest since 1918 is dishonest for the same reason. For one Lewis Mumford you get ninety-nine "rebels." For one Henry Mencken you get three hundred and fifty inhibited journalists whose satire has no integral point of view and whose æsthetic holdings are dictated by any colored accident. As a person who enjoys life mostly by his eyes, the lack of real ideas does not distress me as much as it should, perhaps, but there is going to be a lot of fun for someone about 1950 when the retrospects begin to pile up. America of the '60s saw one great piece of criticism: Nathan Hawthorne decided to die emblematically and mysteriously in the middle of the rumpus and did, *en gentilhomme,* without annoying anybody, after writing

an account of a trip to Washington which is worth all the other writings of the period put together. I wait anxiously for some momentary artist to commit a report of an expedition through critical America and then to follow Hawthorne's lead.

THOMAS BEER

THE WORKS OF THOMAS BEER

1922—"The Fair Reward." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1923—"Stephen Crane." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1924—"Sandoval." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1926—"The Mauve Decade." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1928—"The Road to Heaven." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

CERTAINLY no true social revolution will ever be possible in America till a race of artists, profound and sincere, have brought us face to face with our own experience and set working in that experience the leaven of the highest culture. We are lax now, too lax, because we do not realize the responsibility that lies upon us, each in the measure of his own gift. Is it imaginable, however, that as time goes on and side by side with other nations we come to see the inadequacy of our own, we shall fail to rise to the gravity of our situation and recreate, out of the sublime heritage of human ideals, a new synthesis adaptable to the unique conditions of our life?

VAN WYCK BROOKS

1908—"The Wine of the Puritans." Sisley, London.

1913—"The Malady of the Ideal." Fifield, London.

1914—"John Addington Symonds." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1915—"The World of H. G. Wells." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1915—"America's Coming-of-Age." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1918—"Letters and Leadership." B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1918—"The Flame That Is France." By Henri Malherbe. (Transl.) The Century Co., New York.

1919—"Civilization." By George Duhamel. (Transl.) The Century Co., N. Y.

1919—"The Heart's Domain." By George Duhamel. (Transl.) The Century Co., New York.

1919—"Jacquou, the Rebel." By Eugene LeRoy. (Transl.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

1920—"The Ordeal of Mark Twain." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

1920—"Rodin." By Judith Cadel. (Transl.) The Century Co., New York.

1921—"Paul Gauguin's Intimate Journal." (Transl.) Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

1922—"Rousseau." By H. F. Amiel. (Transl.) B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1923—"Aspects of the Life of Jesus." By Georges Berguer. (Transl.) Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1924—"Henry Thoreau." By Léon Bazalgette. (Transl.) Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1925—"The Pilgrimage of Henry James." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

1926—"The Game of Love and Death." By Romain Rolland. (Transl.) Henry Holt & Co., New York.

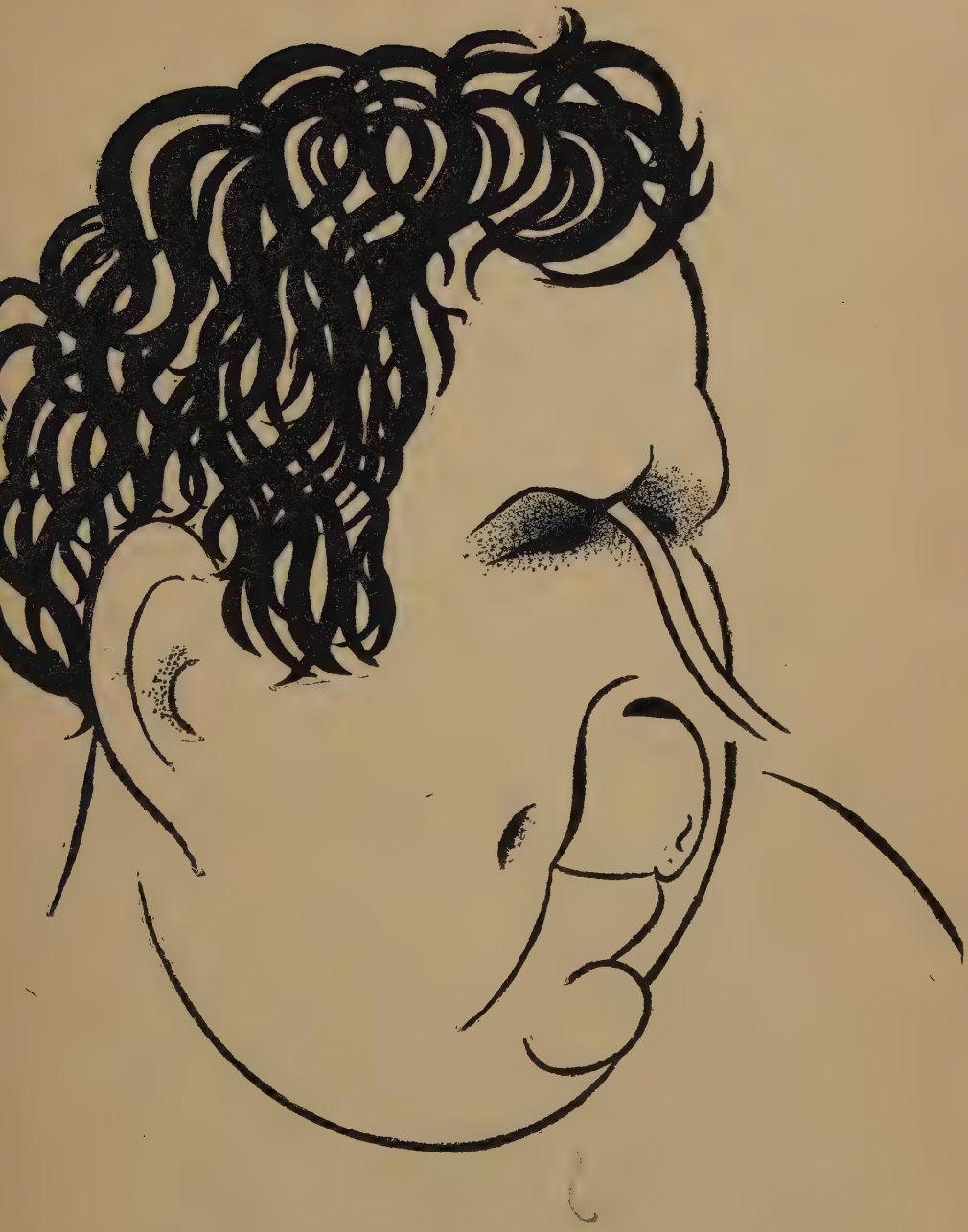
1926—"Summer." By Romain Rolland. (Transl.) Henry Holt & Co., New York.

1927—"Emerson and Others." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

1927—"Annette and Sylvie." By Romain Rolland. (Transl.) Henry Holt & Co., New York.

I AM essentially a newspaperman. My interests are largely confined to the thing that has happened within the last half hour. Yesterday's tumult may safely be left to the historian; tomorrow's is still with posterity. My business is to catch the next edition.

HEYWOOD BROUN



1918—"The A. E. F; with General Pershing and the American Forces." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1921—"Seeing Things at Night." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1921—"The Sun Field." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

1922—"Pieces of Hate." Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.

1922—"The Boy Grew Older." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

1924—"Sitting on the World." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

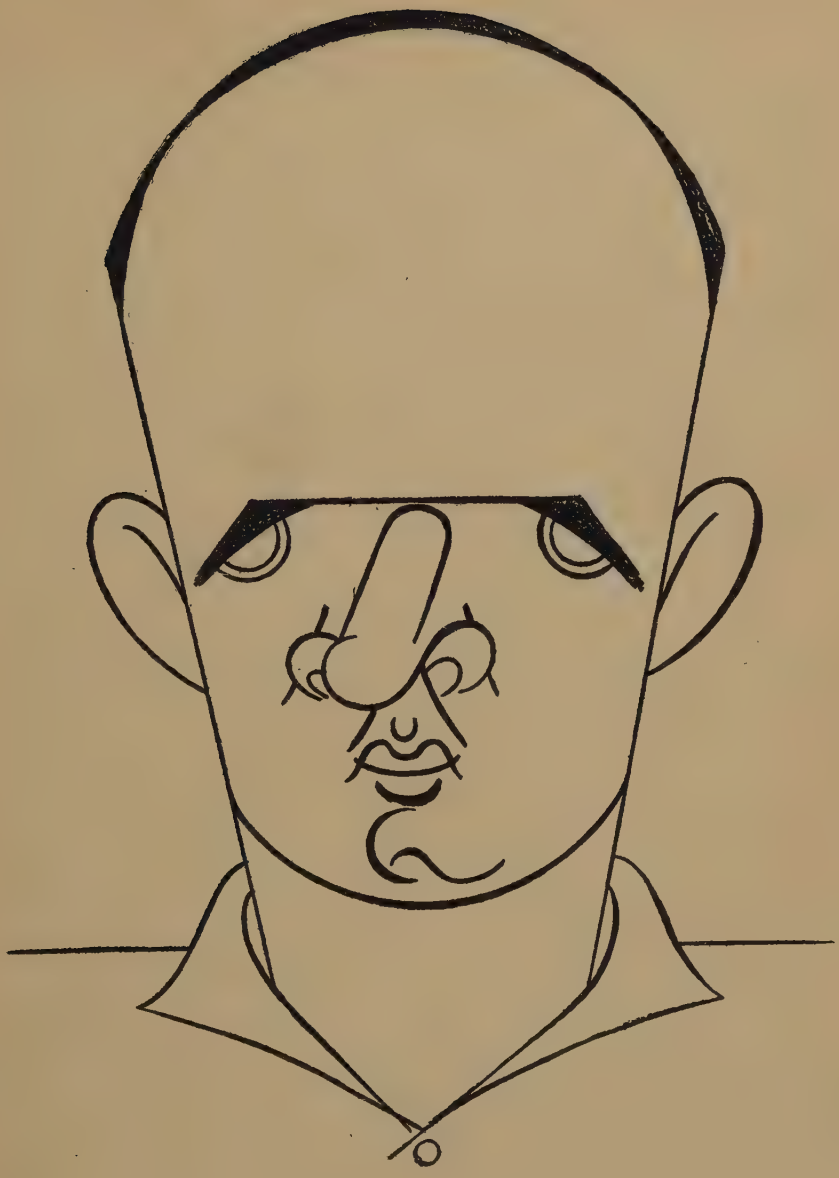
1926—"A Shepherd." W. E. Rudge, New York.

1926—"Gandle Follows His Nose." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1927—"Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord." (In coll.) A. & C. Boni, New York.

BROUGHT up in New England with Puritan surroundings, I managed, none the less, a happy boyhood. Perhaps my sentimental beginnings as a poet were due to the fact that Puritanism is a constipated form of sentimentality. At Harvard and at New York I found a more laxative environment, and a gradual cure from the earlier affliction. And yet, as late as 1903 I remember O. Henry protesting against my use of such words as "train" and "sidewalk" in a poem. I disagreed with him, persisted; and when my verse appeared with commonplace words in it, I was regarded as a liberal. Years later, in "Spectra," my revolt had turned against other poetical liberals who by that time seemed to me as sentimental and wrong-headed as ever were the Puritans. Today I am quietly concerned in opposing the traditional western attitude that poetry is an escape from life—concerned in my faith that true poetry ought to be, on the contrary, and can be, as with the great Chinese poets, the sheerest and most crystalline focus on life and the natural world. And in spite of certain modern novelists, I maintain that this focus reveals pain, to be sure, but the birth-pain of something worth bearing.

WITTER BYNNER



1907—"An Ode to Harvard," Small, Maynard & Co., New York; now "Young Harvard," Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1911—"His Father's House." Produced by Oliver Morosco.

1913—"Tiger." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1914—"The Little King," Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1915—Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris," (Transl.) Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1915—"The New World," Mitchell Kennerley, New York, later Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1916—"Spectra," Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1917—"Grenstone Poems," Frederick A. Stokes, New York, later Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1919—"The Beloved Stranger," Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1920—"Canticle of Pan," Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1921—"Pins for Wings," The Sunwise Turn, New York.

1922—"Books of Plays," including "Tiger," "The Little King," "Iphigenia in Tauris," and other plays, Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1923—Vildrac's "Book of Love." (Transl.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

1925—"Caravan," Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1926—"Cake," Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1927—"The Pamphlet Poets: Witter Bynner," Simon & Schuster, New York.

1928—"Cake," Produced by the Pasadena Community Playhouse Association.

I HAVE already summed up such comment as seemed necessary upon my own work, in "Straws and Prayer Books". I doubt if I could put the matter more succinctly.

I am sure, in any case, I could add nothing to the paragraph which Mr. Dreiser has written for you. Sincere and strong as has always been my admiration for his colossal sincerity and strength, —and, above all, for his tenacious faithfulness to his art,—it has not always been possible for me to agree with all the ideas of Mr. Dreiser. Hastily be it added, that any such uniform agreement would have been bad for both of us. But here I find him phrasing my own half-apprehended notions quite perfectly. I elect therefore to say, with extreme admiration and with equivalent meekness, just "Ditto."

JAMES BRANCH CABELL

1904—"The Eagle's Shadow." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

1905—"The Line of Love." Harper & Bros., New York.

1906—"Branchiana." Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond.

1907—"Gallantry." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1909—"Chivalry." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1909—"The Cords of Vanity." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

1911—"Branch of Abingdon." W. E. Jones' Sons, Richmond.

1913—"The Soul of Melicent." Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

1915—"The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1915—"The Majors and Their Marriages." The W. C. Hill Co., Richmond.

1916—"From the Hidden Way." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1916—"The Certain Hour." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1917—"The Cream of the Jest." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1919—"Beyond Life." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1919—"Jurgen." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1920—"Domnei." (The Soul of Melicent"), R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1921—"Figures of Earth." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1921—"Taboo." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1921—"The Jewel Merchants." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1922—"The Lineage of Lichfield." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1923—"The High Place." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1924—"Straws and Prayer Books." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1926—"The Silver Stallion." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1926—"The Music from Behind the Moon." The John Day Co., New York.

1927—"Something About Eve." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

1928—"The White Robe." R. M. McBride & Co., New York.

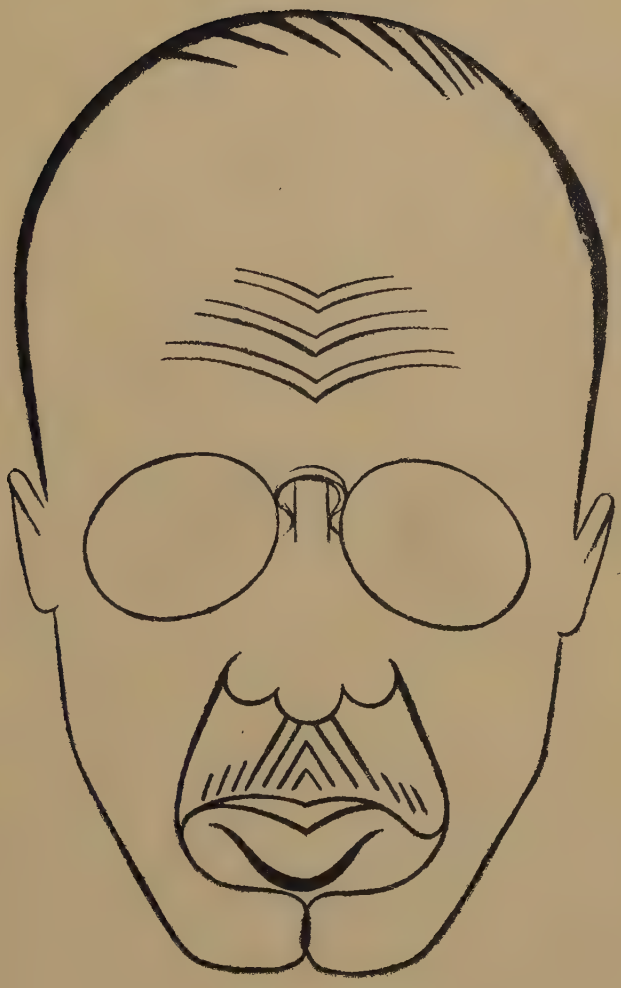
MY chief desire has been to combine the functions of critic and teacher. In other words, what interests me as a teacher and a critic is to find out with what insight I can use and with whatever knowledge I have of historical backgrounds just what is excellent, or novel, or stimulating, or unfortunate that contemporary writers are doing, and then to use that knowledge quite as much to help along good and intelligent reading as to condemn or praise. I am a rather tolerant person interested in almost anything that has vitality in it, and willing to open my mind to new developments even when I dislike their trend.

While I am not, I think, dogmatic I have pretty definite standards as to what real excellence consists of, and if these standards cannot be laid down always in words like the Ten Commandments at least they supply touchstones which I trust. I think that the cravings of human nature and their proper satisfactions go on pretty consistently underneath all the fuss and hurly burly of literary and journalistic talk and that only those who think that everything is going to the devil and those others who think only the new is good are wrong.

In other words, I am a liberal but, I think, of the 17th Century rather than of the 19th variety.

Of course there is art in America just as there is soap, and wheat, and vice and I suspect that in the art of fiction and in the art of architecture we are leading the world.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



1902—"The Short Story." Henry Holt & Co., New York.

1903—"The Book of the Short Story." (Ed.) D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

1909—"The Short Story in English." Henry Holt & Co., New York.

1909—"English Composition in Theory and Practice." (In coll.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

1911—"Selections from Robert Louis Stevenson." (Ed.) Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

1913—"A Study of the Short Story." Henry Holt & Co., New York.

1913—"Elements of Composition." (In coll.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

1915—"College Sons and College Fathers." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1917—"Facts, Thoughts and Imaginations." (In coll.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

1917—"Poems by John Masefield." (Ed.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

1918—"Good English." (In coll.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

1919—"Education by Violence." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1919—"War Aims and Peace Ideals." (Ed.) Yale University Press, New Haven.

1919—"Our House." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1920—"Everyday." The Century Co., New York.

1921—"Saturday Papers." (Part author), The Macmillan Co., New York.

1921—"Antony and Cleopatra." (Ed.) Yale University Press, New Haven.

1922—"Definitions." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1924—"Definitions. Second Series." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1926—"Better Writing." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1927—"Harper Essays." (Ed.) Harper & Brothers, New York.

WHAT does one write about himself for an intimate biographical note of this sort? It is far more obvious what not to say than what can properly be revealed. The writing of the most intimate lyric does not assume one half the proportion of unwarranted exposure as does the bald, informative statement of one's pet adorations and aversions. Nor can one hide himself by going to his own work for succor; that must inevitably speak for itself. Those who have gone there for some knowledge of me already know that as a poet I am intensely interested in preserving my own individuality, if that can be in any way aligned with an equally strong desire to evolve out of that individuality, with its markedly racial emphasis, some one song or lyric that may help establish my belief in the subsurface kinship of human beings. There is pleasure and pain in mere living; I believe both these aspects of life are intensified when one is a Negro in a white world; and I find their feather-strict balance so even that I am often inclined to do what a poet should always shun: turn metaphysicist and claim oneness for both pleasure and pain.

COUNTÉE CULLEN

1925—"Color." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1927—"Copper Sun." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1927—"Caroling Dusk. An Anthology." (Ed.) Harper & Brothers, New York.

1928—"The Ballad of the Brown Girl." Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE only excuse for a novelist aside from the entertainment and vicarious living his books give the people who read them, is as a sort of second class historian of the age he lives in. The "reality" he misses by writing about imaginary people, he gains by being able to build a reality more nearly out of his own factual experience than a plain historian or biographer can. I suppose the best kind of narrative would combine the two like Froissart or Commines or Darwin in The Cruise of the Beagle. I think that any novelist that is worth his salt is a sort of truffle dog digging up raw material that a scientist, an anthropologist or a historian can later use to permanent advantage. Of course there's Chaucer and Homer and the Edda, but that's all way over our heads.

JOHN DOS PASSOS

1920—"One Man's Initiation." Allen & Unwin, London.

1921—"Three Soldiers." Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.

1921—"Rosinante to the Road Again." Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.

1922—"A Pushcart at the Curb." Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.

1924—"Streets of Night." Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.

1926—"Manhattan Transfer." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1926—"The Garbage Man." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1926—"The Moon Is A Gong." Produced Greenwich Village Theatre.

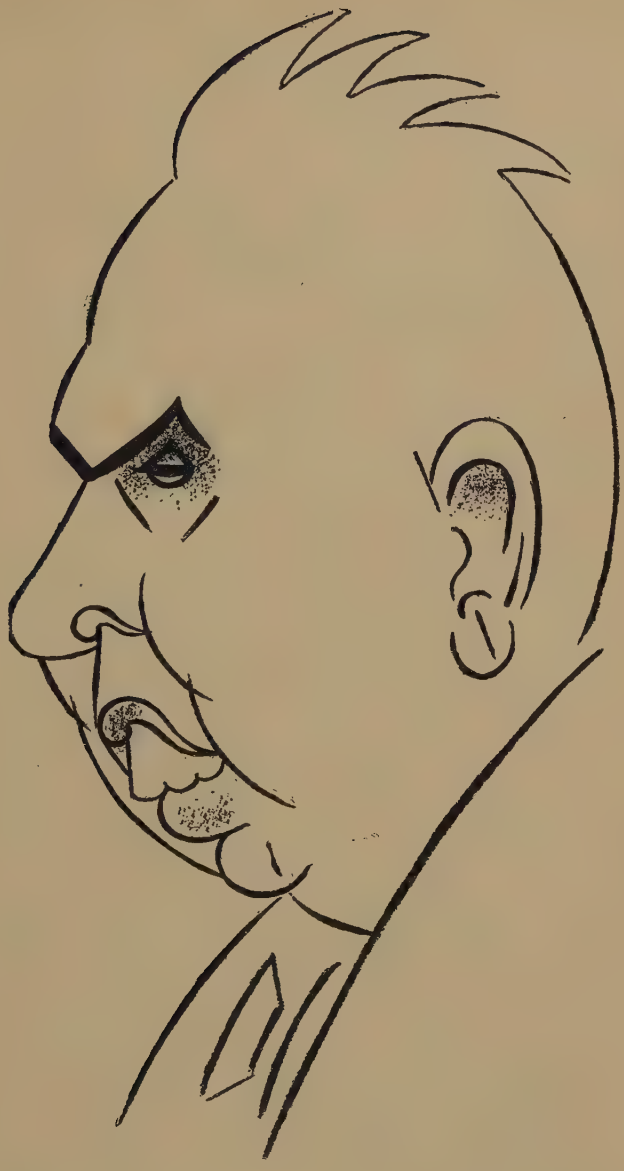
1927—"Orient Express." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1928—"Airways, Inc." The Macaulay Co., New York.

1929—"Airways, Inc." Produced by The New Playwrights Theatre.

I CAN make no comment on my work or my life that holds either interest or import for me. Nor can I imagine any explanation or interpretation of any life, my own included, that would be either true—or important, if true. Life is to me too much a welter and play of inscrutable forces to permit, in my case at least, any significant comment. One may paint for one's own entertainment, and that of others,—perhaps. As I see him the utterly infinitesimal individual weaves among the mysteries a floss-like and wholly meaningless course—if course it be. In short I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed.

THEODORE DREISER



1900—"Sister Carrie." Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

1911—"Jennie Gerhardt." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1912—"The Financier." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1913—"A Traveller at Forty." Century Co., New York.

1914—"The Titan." J. Lane Co., New York.

1915—"The Genius." J. Lane Co., New York.

1916—"Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural." J. Lane Co., New York.

1918—"A Hoosier Holiday." J. Lane Co., New York.

1918—"Free and Other Stories." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1919—"Twelve Men." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1919—"The Hand of the Potter." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1920—"Hey Rub-A-Dub-Dub." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1922—"A Book About Myself." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1923—"The Color of a Great City." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1925—"An American Tragedy." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Moods, Cadenced and Declaimed." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1927—"Chains." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1927—"The Financier." (Rev. Ed.) Boni & Liveright, New York.

1928—"A Gallery of Women." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1928—"Dreiser Looks at Russia." Boni & Liveright, New York.

TO be intelligible, life must be an art.

Nature, our heredity, our nevironment, all that others have done in the world, are for us only so much raw material from which to create our own experience, personal and peculiar to ourselves. The tragedy of life either is our indifference to the opportunity, our delusion that we are getting somewhere simply by remaining in an original state of nature, or it is a failure of our intelligence to discover by what laws this raw material may be changed into something rational and beautiful. This is the essence of my philosophy, by which I try to find standards for living, and standards for art.

JOHN ERSKINE

1903—"The Elizabethan Lyric." The Columbia University Press, New York.

1905—"Selections from the Faerie Queene." Longmans Green, New York.

1906—"Actæon and Other Poems." John Lane, New York.

1907—"Romance." The Bookfellows, Chicago.

1909—"Leading American Novelists." Henry Holt, New York.

1910—"Written English." (In coll.) The Century Co., New York.

1912—"Great American Writers." (In coll.) Henry Holt, New York.

1912—"Selections from the Idylls of the King." Henry Holt, New York.

1914—"A Pageant in Honor of Roger Bacon." Columbia University Press.

1914—"Contemporary War Poems." (Ed.) The Carnegie Foundation, N. Y.

1915—"The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent." Duffield & Co., New York.

1915—Lafcadio Hearn, "Interpretations of Literature." (Ed.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

1916—Lafcadio Hearn, "Appreciation of Poetry," (Ed.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

1917—"The Shadowed Hour." The Lyric Publishing Co., New York.

1917—Lafcadio Hearn, "Life and Literature." (Ed.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

1919—"Cambridge History of American Literature." (Co-Ed.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

1920—"Democracy and Ideals." Geo. H. Doran Co., New York.

1920—"The Kinds of Poetry." Duffield & Co., New York.

1920—Lafcadio Hearn, "Talks to Writers." (Ed.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

1920—"Heart's Enduring." Duffield & Co., New York.

1921—Lafcadio Hearn, "Books and Habits." Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

1922—"Collected Poems." Duffield & Co., New York.

1922—Lafcadio Hearn, "Pre-Raphaelite and Other Poets." (Ed.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

1923—"The Literary Discipline." Duffield & Co., New York.

1923—"Outline of Literature." (Co-Ed.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

1925—"The Enchanted Garden." The Bookfellows, Chicago.

1925—"Sonata and Other Poems." Duffield & Co., New York.

1925—"The Private Life of Helen of Troy." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1926—"Galahad. Enough of His Life to Explain His Reputation." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1927—"Prohibition and Christianity." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1927—"American Character." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1927—"Adam and Eve." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1927—"The Delight of Great Books." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1928—"Penelope's Man." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

I DO not look on writing as a respectable profession: it is more parasitic even than the Law and not far above Advertising; as a business I despise it. That I must earn my living by it (having discovered too late what it is) distresses me, and is a Cross I must bear. Writing, in a land like mine, and in our cultural chaos, is worthy only when it is regarded by the author as a mission—as an act of faith and as an act of construction.

I approach writing with a profound distrust of all verbalisms, all rhetorics, however disguised; and with a contempt for cleverness. The reason for this, is that we need so sorely another kind of writing: the kind that is an organic action. When writing is less than that, it is a danger in a world where all the high words of the past have rotted.

You will see, then, that there is a certain cleavage between me and most of my "*confrères.*" I have personally nothing against them. But since their work, for the most part, is millinery and the concoction of candies, their self-importance is wearying. Of course, the American public which is passive, intellectually effeminate and childish, is the creator of this self-importance. That is why the American public requires something better.

My purpose in writing is to create an organic act in this crucial period of the life of a country that symbolizes the crucial state and promise of the world.

What that act is, my work must tell.

WALDO FRANK

1917—"The Unwelcome Man." Little Brown, Boston.

1918—"The Art of the Vieux Colombier." Nouvelle Revue Francaise, Paris.

1919—"Our America." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1920—"The Dark Mother." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1922—"Rahab." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1922—"City Block." Privately Printed.

1923—"Holiday." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1924—"Chalk Face." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1924—"Salvos." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Time Exposures." By "Searchlight." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Virgin Spain." Boni & Liveright, New York.

I BELIEVE that living is an exercise in expanding awareness; that a part of that exercise comes through individual growth, another part through human relationships, and another part through intuition of the presence of God. Since we now have so stunted a growth, such flawed human relationships, such faint divination of the divine, we know that we are still in the early stages of awareness, and that our development has hardly begun. The heightening of perception is the supreme adventure. When the human being, with a negligible fraction of his brain developed, goes wild, misinterprets love, runs amuck on recreation, greed, drunkenness, descends to war and other crime, he is missing the fun, cutting himself off from the chief romance of the divinable universe.

I believe that the technique for the quickening of perception is attempted in most of the great religions of the world, though later standardized and largely lost. Fundamentally, religion is a technique for the expansion of life, for "life more abundant." So also are education, the idea of government, and art and beauty. In proportion as we quicken and heighten perception, we quicken and further the life and growth of the human race. For living is an exercise in expanding awareness.

ZONA GALE

1906—"Romance Island." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1907—"The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1908—"Friendship Village." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1909—"Friendship Village Love Stories." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1911—"Mothers of Men." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1912—"Christmas." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1913—"When I Was a Little Girl." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1913—"Civic Improvement in the Little Towns," American Civic Association, Washington.

1914—"Neighborhood Stories." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1914—"The Neighbors." (One act play.) B. W. Huebsch, New York.

1915—"Heart's Kindred." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1917—"A Daughter of Tomorrow." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1918—"Birth." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1919—"Peace in Friendship Village." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1920—"Miss Lulu Bett." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1920—"Miss Lulu Bett." Produced by Brock Pemberton.

1921—"The Secret Way." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1922—"Uncle Jimmy." (One act play.) Walter H. Baker Co., Boston.

1923—"Faint Perfume." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1924—"Mr. Pitt." Produced by Brock Pemberton.

1925—"Mr. Pitt." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1926—"Preface to a Life." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1927—"Yellow Gentians and Blue." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1928—"Portage, Wisconsin and Other Essays." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1914—"The Lay Anthony." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1915—"Mountain Blood." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1917—"The Three Black Pennies." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1918—"Gold and Iron." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1919—"Java Head." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1919—"The Happy End." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1919—"Hugh Walpole. An Appreciation." George H. Doran Co., New York.

1919—"Linda Condon." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1900—"Steel." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1920—"San Cristobal de la Habana." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1922—"Cytherea." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1922—"The Bright Shawl." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1923—"The Presbyterian Child." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1924—"Balisand." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1925—"From an Old House." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1926—"Tampico." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

I AM a complacent member of a sterile generation. If I never had to listen to talk about behaviorism, prohibition, horses, psychoanalysis, parties in Paris, the theatre, or the Right to Happiness; if I never had to hear the word "great" applied to any one less great than Beethoven, or the word "artist" used in any but the most obscene connotation; if I never had to see a play less entertaining than "Show Boat" or "The Wild Duck," or join in a pencil and paper game, or watch the average American woman eating in a restaurant with her hat on; if I could be spared the various aspects of flatness which are called good taste; if I had the character and ability to make a good bottle-washer in a bacteriological laboratory; and if I could play half-way decent tennis: then, I should be a joyful as well as a complacent member.

The only things at all remarkable about me are that I enjoy living in this country more than in any other and that I believe that the handshake in the West really is warmer.

SIDNEY HOWARD

1921—"The Labor Spy." (In collaboration.) The Republic Publishing Co.

1921—"Swords." Produced by Brock Pemberton.

1922—"S. S. Tenacity." (Trans. from the French of Charles Vildrac.) Produced by Augustin Duncan and Mrs. Emelie Hapgood.

1923—"Casanova." (Adapted from the Spanish of de Azertis.) Produced by Gilbert Miller in association with A. H. Wood.

1923—"The Kingdom of Sancho Panza." (Trans. from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel.) Produced by Russell Janney Productions, Inc.

1924—"Bewitched." (In collaboration with Edward Sheldon.) Produced by John Cromwell.

1924—"Michel Auclair." (Trans. from the French of Charles Vildrac.) Produced by the Provincetown Players.

1925—"They Knew What They Wanted." (Pulitzer Prize Play.) Produced by The Theatre Guild. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

1925—"Lucky Sam McCarver." Produced by John Cromwell.

1925—"Morals." (Ed.) (From the German of Ludwig Thoma.) Produced by the Actors Theatre.

1925—"The Last Night of Don Juan." (Trans. from the French of Edmond Rostand.) Produced by the Provincetown Players.

1926—"Ned McCobb's Daughter." Produced by The Theatre Guild.

1926—"The Silver Cord." Produced by The Theatre Guild. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

1927—"Salvation." (With Charles MacArthur.) Produced by Arthur Hopkins.

1928—"Olympia." (Trans. from the German of Ferenc Molnar.) Produced by Gilbert Miller.

I CARE passionately about people.

I think they are tinctured with enough of the sublime to make living in the hurting world which they have cluttered with intolerance, vulgarity, cruelty, hate, lust and disloyalty, not only bearable, but an exciting and even sublime affair.

I take my page of the destiny of man out of my Book of Spencer and at the same time believe with Wordsworth that in trailing clouds of glory does he come—and go.

When I think of my work I like to contemplate it in terms of plowing though the troubled and troubling scene and getting said, in whatever manner or style my critics may arraign me for, some of this sublimity of the human race, which I love, and a member of which I beg to remain.

FANNIE HURST

1914—"Just Around the Corner." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1916—"Every Soul Hath Its Song." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1918—"Gas Light Sonatas." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1919—"Humoresque." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1921—"Star Dust." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1922—"The Vertical City." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1923—"Lummox." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1926—"Appassionata." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1927—"The Song of Life." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1928—"A President is Born." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1929—"Procession." Harper & Brothers, New York.

LOOKING at life, it appears to me an absorbing game; a game in which I have been dealt several varying hands, that were not played as well as might have been, but with which I have taken, it seems to me, a shade the best in tricks. This, of course, is purely an emotional reaction and has no reasoned relation to the question of whether or not the game is worth playing or winning.

Yet, in spite of rational lapses I find, pardon the mixing of metaphors, that life tastes good. And I find the world, in spite of what this civilization and its predecessors have done to spoil it, as good a place to live in as any I have reliable information about.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

1912—"Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man." Sherman, French & Co.

1917—"Fifty Years and Other Poems." Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston.

1922—"The Book of American Negro Poetry." Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y.

1925—"The Book of American Negro Spirituals." The Viking Press, New York.

1926—"The Second Book of American Negro Spirituals." The Viking Press, New York.

1927—"God's Trombone." The Viking Press, New York.

THE trouble with this country is that American business men do not know how to play. In marriage it is a matter of adjustment on both sides. Beyond question, capital and labor must get together—their interests are identical.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

1918—"Someone in the House." Produced by George C. Tyler. Written with Larry Evans and Walter Percival.

1919—"Jacques Duval." Adapted from the German of Hans Muller. Produced by George C. Tyler.

1921—"Dulcy." Written with Marc Connelly. Produced by George C. Tyler. Published 1921 by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

1922—"To the Ladies." With Marc Connelly. Produced by George C. Tyler. Published 1923 in Arthur Hobson Quinn's "Contemporary American Plays." Charles Scribner's Sons.

1922—"Merton of the Movies." With Marc Connelly—dramatization of Harry Leon Wilson's novel of the same name. Produced by George C. Tyler; published 1926 in R. W. Pence's "Dramas by Present-Day Writers." Charles Scribner's Sons.

1923—"The Deep Tangled Wildwood." With Marc Connelly. Produced by George C. Tyler.

1923—"Helen of Troy, New York." Musical comedy with Marc Connelly. Produced by Wilmer and Vincent.

1924—"Be Yourself." Musical comedy with Marc Connelly. Produced by Wilmer and Vincent.

1924—"Beggar on Horseback." With Marc Connelly, taken from German of Paul Apel. Produced by Winthrop Ames. Published by Boni & Liveright, 1924.

1924—"Minick." With Edna Ferber. Produced by Winthrop Ames. Published by Doubleday Page & Co., 1924.

1925—"The Butter and Egg Man." Produced by Crosby Gaige. Published by Boni & Liveright, 1925.

1925—"The Cocoanuts." A musical comedy. Produced by Sam H. Harris.

1926—"The Good Fellow." In collaboration with Herman J. Mankiewicz. Produced by Crosby Gaige.

1927—"Strike Up the Band." Musical. Produced by Edgar Selwyn.

1927—"The Royal Family." Collaboration with Edna Ferber. Produced by Jed Harris. Published by Doubleday Doran & Co., 1928.

1928—"Animal Crackers." Musical, collaboration with Morrie Ryskind. Produced by Sam H. Harris.

"STRANGE the world about me lies, never yet familiar grown, still disturbs me with surprise, haunts me with a face half-known," wrote William Watson.

Haunted with world-strangeness, I was born an ecstacist.

Life, ever since I can remember, has been a succession of wonders and miracles. Nor have I lived in protected, bookish seclusion, passing days solely given to imagination.

On the contrary—early an explorative eagerness catapulted me into the thick and midst of actuality: I went through hard experiences, endured many reverses and vicissitudes. But there was not one experience, hap or mishap, but what increased the haunting wonder and glamour—no matter if momently bitter. For I am neither optimist nor pessimist, but meliorist; I believe with George Meredith that "nothing can happen but what is good for the soul."

Happy love reassures me of life's most golden worth; unhappy passion brings me inspiration for poetry; great books fill my hours with exaltation.

I am increasingly enchanted with life-strangeness and world-strangeness.

At first I tried to put this attitude of mine into nothing but poetry; latterly, it has been, in a series of autobiographical novels. . . .

I'd like to retire—and some day shall—to an island; and there, alone out of a heart in love with life, write a great book of a new, non-ascetic religion: a new religion for modern humanity.

HARRY KEMP

1910—"Judas." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1914—"The Cry of Youth." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1914—"The Thresher's Wife." A. & C. Boni, New York.

1919—"The Passing God." Brentano's, New York.

1920—"Chanteys and Ballads." Brentano's, New York.

1922—"Tramping on Life." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1922—Tirso de Molina's "The Love Rogue." (Transl.) Lieber & Lewis, New York.

1923—"Boccaccio's Untold Tales." Brentano's, New York.

1926—"More Miles." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"The Sea and the Dunes." Brentano's, New York.

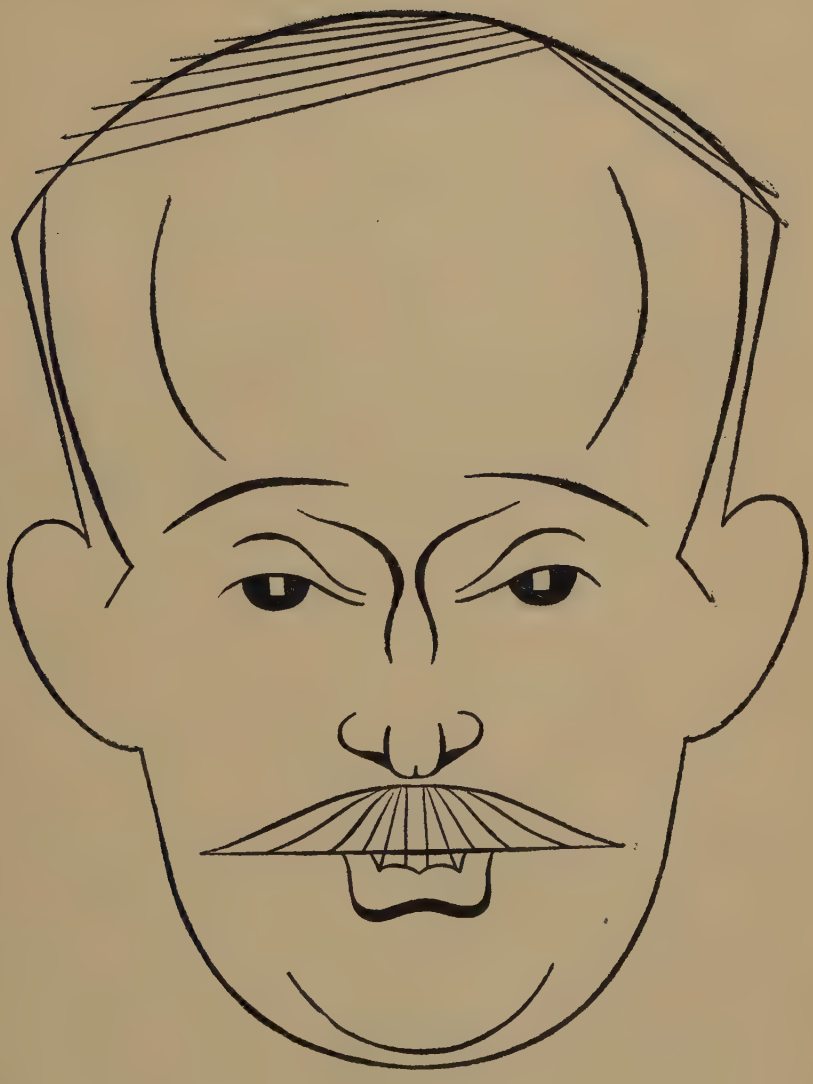
1927—"The Bronze Treasury." (Ed.) The Macaulay Co., New York.

1928—"The American Treasury." (Ed.) The Macaulay Co., New York.

CHUN-YU KUN, a famous Chinese wit of the 4th century B. C., was once asked by the prince of the land to take 100 pounds of silver and ten chariots as a gift to a neighboring king, and request that the king send an army to aid against the enemies of the prince. But Chun-yu laughed. The joke he said was this: "I saw a farmer this morning making sacrifice of a pig's foot and a cup of wine. He prayed, 'O God, make my upper terraces fill baskets and my lower terraces fill carts; make my fields bloom with crops and my barns burst with grain.' I could not help laughing at the man who offered so little and wanted so much."

There is a "pig's foot and a cup of wine" in a large part of America's literature. I mean the literature where the boy wins the girl and the money in the end. But the gods are good and from our upper terraces are beginning to flow streams of creative literary energy. Streams that are important and interesting. Our soil is becoming rich and vital. And the fruit will be our very own.

MANUEL KOMROFF



1925—"The Grace of Lambs." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"The Travels of Marco Polo." (Ed.) Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell." (Ed.) The Modern Library.

1927—"The Voice of Fire." Edward W. Titus, Paris.

1927—"Juggler's Kiss." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1928—"Gesta Romanorum. Tales of the Monks." (Ed.) The Dial Press, New York.

1928—"The History of Herodotus." (Ed.) The Dial Press, New York.

1928—"Strange Loves." Haldeman-Julius, Girard.

1928—"The Contemporaries of Marco Polo." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1928—"Romances of Voltaire." (Ed.) The Dial Press, New York.

1928—"The Great Fables." The Dial Press, New York.

THE problem of any person as artist, whether in America or anywhere else on earth, past, present or future, is to work out to the best of his natural powers the particular individual he happens to be, and to do so quite regardless of any material consideration. The congenial job is the thing, and next to that, the necessary economic freedom, in these days of plutocratic industrialism, to admit of the clean, perpetual pursuit of the career for which Nature has endowed him. The slightest compromise between himself and Mammon is fatal to the whitehot devotion that Art demands. Her ladyship has no room for rivals in her affection, least of all the stoutest and most commonly successful prostitute, Commerce. Though practically the whole of America is dedicated to the pursuit of the dollar sign, enough clear-eyed, strong-sinewed, deep-hearted men and women have emerged to lead one to the simple claim that even we folk have our artists. If I were asked to reply to a recent cocksure intellectual who propounded the sceptical query, "Has America made room for poetry?"—I should say, "Yes, because it has had to!"

ALFRED KREYMBORG

1908—"Love, Life and Other Studies." The Grafton Press, New York.

1910—"Apostrophes." The Grafton Press, New York.

1913—"Erna Vitek." A. & C. Boni, New York.

1913—"The Glebe." (A Magazine.)

1915—"Others." (A Magazine.)

1916—"Mushrooms." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.*

1916—"Others for 1916." (Ed.) Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1917—"Others for 1917." (Ed.) Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1918—"Others for 1918." (Ed.) Nicholas Brown, New York.

1918—"Plays for Poem Mimes." The Others Press, New York.

1919—"Blood of Things." Nicholas Brown, New York.*

1920—"Plays for Merry Andrews." The Sunwise Turn, New York.

1921—"Broom." (A Magazine.)

1923—"Less lonely." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.*

1925—"Troubadour." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Scarlet and Mellow." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Rocking Chairs." Samuel French, New York.

1926—"There's A Moon Tonight." Samuel French, New York.

1926—"Puppet Plays." Samuel French, New York.

1927—"Funnybone Alley." The Macaulay Co., New York.

1927
1928 } —"The American Caravan." (Co-ed.) The Macaulay Co., New York.

1928—"The Lost Sail. A Cape Cod Diary." Coward-McCann, New York.

1929—"Manhattan Men." Coward-McCann, New York.

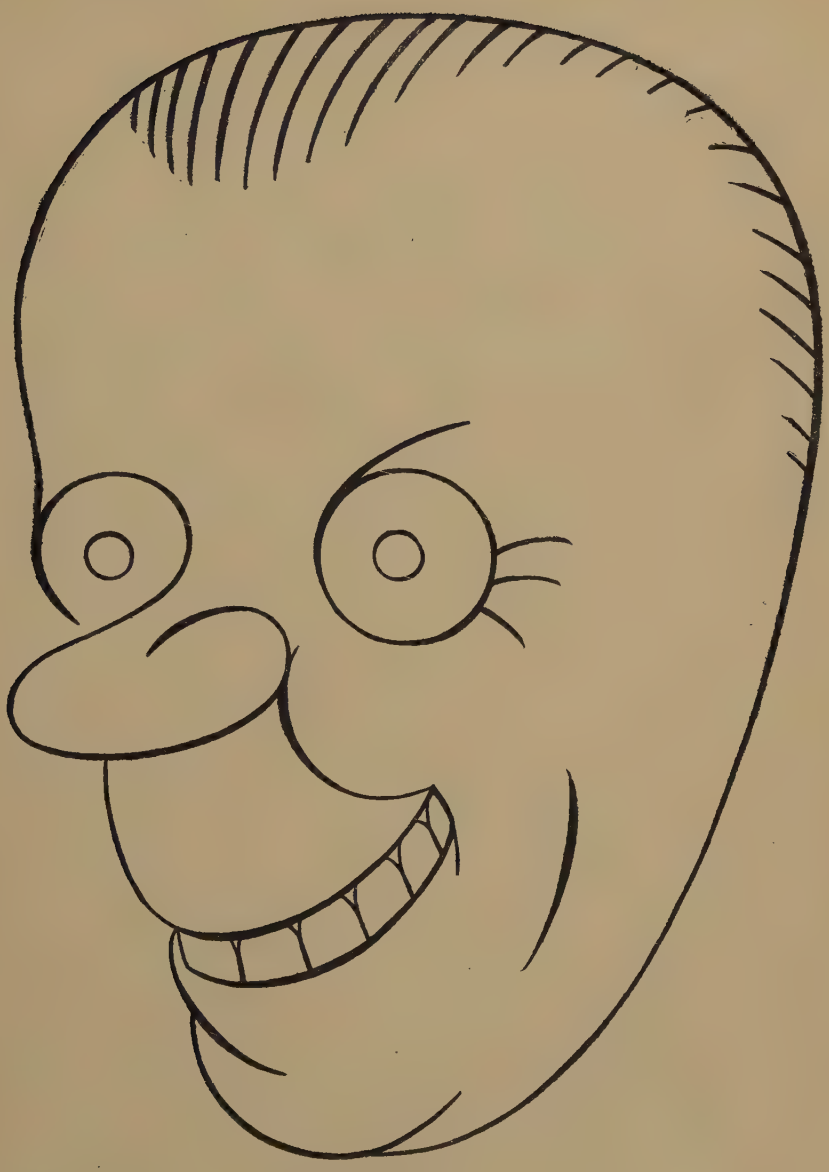
THE most important fact about Sinclair Lewis and his deficiencies as an author is that he is tall and lean. Otherwise he might be an extremely important author. For it is obvious to the meanest intellect, in these days of Adler-cum-Freud, that all authorship is due to an Inferiority Complex expressing its desire-for-greatness in ways impossible to the healthy and efficient beings whom the author has known as a boy.

Now the subject of this sketch, as a boy, was markedly inferior to all of his playmates in the really important concerns of Boytown in Sauk Centre, Minnesota. He could not swim. He could not with any appreciable success catch muskrats (or mushrats) in traps. He was from time to time licked by Charley McCadden and Charlie Bennett. So, naturally, he turned to authorship, in order to show his superiors that he was their superior.

But he was tall and lean, instead of pudgy and high-voiced. Therefore he had a measure of naturalness and wholesomeness as an author for the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Century*, and the *Nautilus*, that best of New Thought magazines. Yet the essential man, one whom the author of this sketch does not particularly like, remains the small boy who wasn't ever so awfully good at beggie-stealing or arithmetic or pugilism, and who therefore takes it out, still, on sanctities like the Rotary Club and the good drear men who saved Massachusetts from Sacco and Vanzetti.

Only—the only trouble with this appallingly frank sketch is that a certain number of earnest people will believe that it means what it says.

SINCLAIR LEWIS



1914—"Our Mr. Wrenn." Harper & Brothers, New York.*

1915—"The Trail of the Hawk." Grosset & Dunlap, New York.*

1917—"The Job." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1917—"The Innocents." Harper & Brothers, New York.*

1919—"Free Air." * Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

1919—"Hobohemia." Produced by Conroy & Meltzer.

1920—"Main Street." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1922—"Babbitt." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1925—"Arrowsmith." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1926—"Mantrap." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1927—"Elmer Gantry." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1928—"The Man Who Knew Coolidge." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

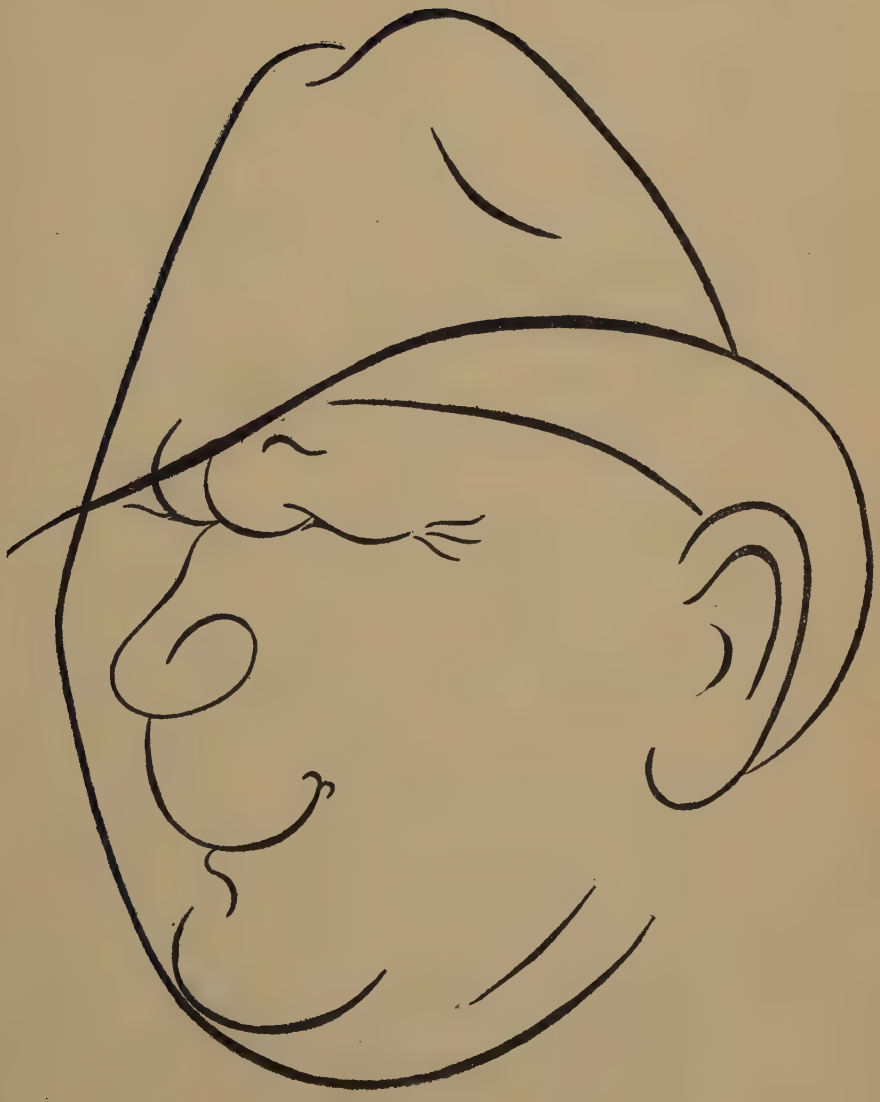
* *Now published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.*

MY dear E. P.: You asked for a general declaration of literary principles from me. I cannot give that. But I can tell you what I am thinking today; it is uppermost in my mind that Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken are the two most valuable literary citizens right now, from the standpoint of free speech, a free press and personal courage at all times. They have these and they stimulate them in others.

It would mean a great deal to me if you could conduct a sort of imaginary three-cornered debate between me and these two gentlemen, for we disagree from one another as the three corners of a triangle disagree. The only things we agree on are free speech, a free press and personal courage;—a sort of unit of democratic action. My agreement with their effective action here is so emphatic they make a good start to state my disagreement with them.

I disagree with H. L. Mencken in almost every prejudice he has that goes further than the above statement. I disagree with Sinclair Lewis in almost every prejudice he has, aside from the above. The long catalog they offer us as specific complaints I might answer item by item with contrary views, but I think it is infinitely better they should exercise their right as citizens in this matter than that I should object to what they have to say item by item, here!

I should say I disagree with them both in that I accept, and have always accepted, the main ideas of our most liberal protestants. The church universal, as conceived by such papers as "The Christian Century," is my church. I believe it is far more vigorous, far more influential, far more a source of life and light than these two gentlemen will concede.



What other brief statement can I make to indicate another orthodoxy to which they will offer many exceptions? Possibly the Democratic Party. Rather, let us say the Jeffersonian influence in the United States. I believe that the general influence of Jefferson goes on with extraordinary power in both parties and in the blood of every U. S. A. citizen. I think it will continue toward conquest and triumph. I believe there is much more of it in the Democratic Party specifically, than is generally conceded.

To what other orthodoxy do I owe allegiance that can be simply stated? I am definitely a citizen of the Middle West and forever a citizen of Springfield, Illinois. I believe in the power of Springfield as incarnated in the Lincoln tradition. I believe in the Middle West. I consider myself a citizen of the Middle West in every sense of the word citizen.

Among the more ancient traditions of America, I am impatient with the whole New England story as Lewis is with Babbitt and his kind, Elmer Gantry and his kind and The Man Who Knew Coolidge. Perhaps these three men are the finer flower of the New England influence on our present-day life! I am as much against the New England arrogance in American tradition as Mencken is against anything he chooses to denounce.

On the other hand, I have what may be called an entirely romantic feeling in regard to the Virginia tradition. "The Litany of Washington Street," a book just going to press with the Macmillan Company, is an effort to restate the Virginia tradition. I believe, body and soul, in the Virginia tradition. My new poem, "The Virginians are Coming Again," appeared in The American Mercury on the day the Democratic Convention opened at Houston, Texas. That poem is not rhetoric. I mean every line of it. It is written as a statement of faith as a citizen of the United States.

This brings us to agreement with Mencken and Lewis again, for the Virginia tradition gets around to free speech, a free press and

personal courage at all times. Out of these U. S. A. poetry must come. The poetry of ancient Egypt was perhaps born under a tyrranical hand, but if we are to have United States poetry, it must be the child of the Declaration of Independence and of the University of Virginia and of William and Mary, and the old Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg.

I have tried to state four orthodoxies in block. There are so many trimmings to what I have had, in a lifetime, to say, so many outward limbs and flourishes, it gives me great pleasure to state that I agree with great masses of my fellow citizens in some matters which they have held in common, almost in their platforms and creedal statements. I might add to all this that I have always considered Abraham Lincoln essentially a Southerner and a Jeffersonian and a liberal protestant. Another day I might make another summary of how I am feeling about the universe, but it would not contradict this, it would merely discuss another corner of the universe.

VACHEL LINDSAY

1905—"The Tree of Laughing Bells." (Priv. printed.)

1908—"The Last Song of Lucifer." (Priv. printed.)

1908—"God Help Us to Be Brave." G. Becker, New York.

1909—"War Bulletins." (Priv. printed.)

1909—"The Tramp's Excuse." (Priv. printed.)

1910—"The Village Magazine." (Priv. printed.)

1911—"A Handy Guide for Beggars." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1912—"Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread." (Priv. printed.)

1913—"General William Booth Enters Heaven." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.*

1914—"Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.*

1914—"The Congo." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1915—"The Art of the Moving Picture." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1917—"The Chinese Nightingale." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1920—"The Golden Whales of California." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1920—"The Village Magazine." (Second Imprint.) (Priv. printed.)

1920—"The Golden Book of Springfield." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1922—"I Know All This When Gipsy Fiddles Cry." (Priv. printed.)

1923—"Collected Poems." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1923—"Going to the Sun." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1925—"Collected Poems." (Illustrated by the author.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

1925—"The Village Magazine." (Third Imprint.) (Priv. printed.)

1926—"The Candle in the Cabin." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1926—"Going-to-the-Stars." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1928—"The Litany of Washington Street." The Macmillan Co., New York.

* *Now published by The Macmillan Co., New York.*

ALL of my work, barring a few obvious burlesques, is based upon three fundamental ideas: 1. That knowledge is better than ignorance; 2. That it is better to tell the truth than to lie, and 3. That it is better to be free than to be a slave. All of these ideas are taught in the American schools, but every effort to give them practical reality is excessively offensive to so-called "good" Americans. I am thus somewhat unpopular in my native land, and the hope of becoming President is one that I may not cherish. But my aspirations in that direction are very faint, and so I do not repine. All I ask of "good" Americans is that they continue to serve me hereafter, as in the past, as willing laboratory animals. In that role they have great talents. No other country houses so many gorgeous frauds and imbeciles as the United States, and in consequence no other country is so amusing. Thus my patriotism is impeccable, though perhaps not orthodox. I love my country as a small boy loves the circus.

H. L. MENCKEN

1903—"Ventures into Verse." Marshall, Beek & Gordon, Baltimore.

1905—"George Bernard Shaw." John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

1908—"Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche." John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

1909—"The Player's Ibsen." (Ed.) John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

1910—"The Gist of Nietzsche." (Ed.) John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

1910—"Men Versus the Man." (Co-author.) Henry Holt & Co., New York.

1912—"The Artist." John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

1914—"Europe After 8:15." (Co-author.) John Lane Co., New York.

1916—"A Little Book in C Major." John Lane Co., New York.

1916—"A Book of Burlesques." John Lane Co., New York.

1917—"A Book of Prefaces." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1917—"Pistols for Two." (Co-author.) Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1918—"Damn!" P. Goodman Co., New York.

1918—"In Defense of Woman." P. Goodman Co., New York.

1919—"Prejudices. First Series." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1919—"The American Language." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1919–21—"The Free Lance Books (Ed.) Four Volumes. Alfred A. Knopf, York.

1920—"The American Credo." (In coll.) Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1920—"Heliogabalus." (In coll.) Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1921—"Prejudices. Second Series." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1922—"Prejudices. Third Series." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1924—"Prejudices. Fourth Series." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1926—"Prejudices. Fifth Series." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1927—"Notes on Democracy." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1927—"Prejudices. Sixth Series." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1927—"Selected Prejudices." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1914—"Thirst and Other One-Act Plays." The Gorham Press, Boston.

1916—"Bound East For Cardiff." Frank Shay, New York.

1916—"Thirst." Frank Shay, New York.

1916—"Bound East For Cardiff." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1916—"Before Breakfast." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1917—"Fog." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1917—"The Sniper." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1917—"In the Zone." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1917—"The Long Voyage Home." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1917—"Ile." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1918—"The Rope." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1918—"Where the Cross is Made." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1918—"The Moon of the Caribbees." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1919—"The Moon of the Caribbees and Six Other One Act Plays of the Sea." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1919—"The Dreamy Kid." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1920—"Beyond the Horizon." Prod. by John D. Williams.

1920—"Beyond the Horizon." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1920—"Chris Christopher." Prod. by Oliver Morosco.

1920—"Exorcism." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1920—"Emperor Jones." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1920—"Diff'rent." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1920—"Gold." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1921—"Gold." Prod. by John D. Williams.

1921—"Anna Christie." Prod. by Arthur Hopkins.

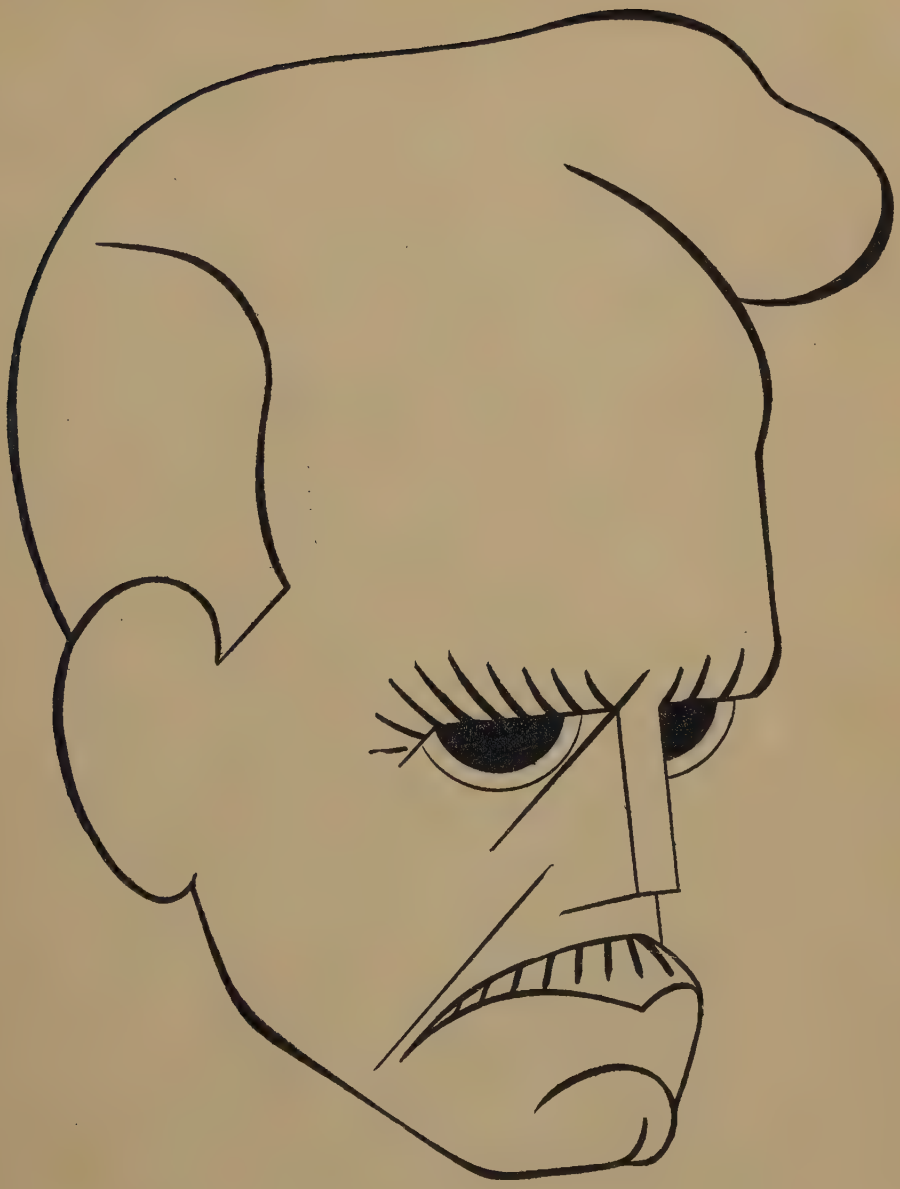
1921—"The Straw." Prod. by George C. Tyler.

1921—"Emperor Jones. Diff'rent. The Straw." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1922—"The First Man." Prod. by Neighborhood Playhouse.

1922—"The Hairy Ape." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1922—"The Hairy Ape. Anna Christie. The First Man." Boni & Liveright, New York.



1924—"Welded." Prod. by Selwyn.

1924—"The Ancient Mariner." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1924—"All God's Chillun Got Wings." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1924—"S. S. Glencaire." Prod. by the Barnstormers.

1924—"Desire Under the Elms." Prod. by the Provincetown Players.

1924—"All God's Chillun Got Wings. Welded." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1924—"The Complete Works, Vol. 1." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1924—"The Complete Works, Vol. 2." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1925—"The Fountain." Prod. at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

1925—"Desire Under the Elms." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1925—"Desire Under the Elms. The Hairy Ape. Welded." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1925—"The Complete Works. Vol. 3 and 4." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"The Great God Brown." Prod. at the Greenwich Village Theatre.

1926—"The Great God Brown. The Fountain. The Moon of the Caribbees." Boni Liveright, New York.

1926—"The Complete Works Vol. 5 and 6." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1927—"Lazarus Laughs." Prod. by the Greenwich Village Theatre.

1927—"Marco Millions." Prod. by The Theatre Guild.

1927—"The Complete Works Vol. 7." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1928—"Strange Interlude." Prod. by The Theatre Guild.

1928—"Strange Interlude." Boni & Liveright, New York.

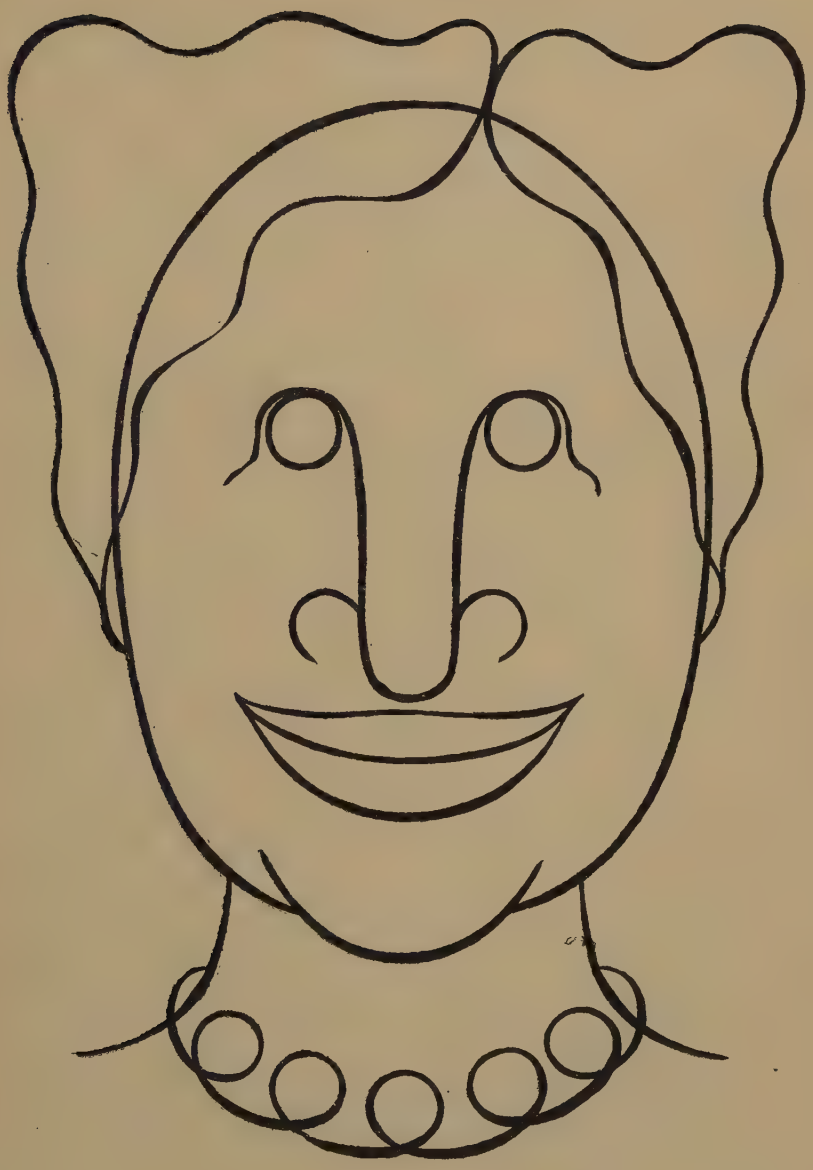
1928—"The Complete Works. Vol. 8." Boni & Liveright, New York.

I WAS born and raised in South Carolina and am a hardened South Carolinian with some pride in the fact that I have never lived outside the state. Yet the years of my life have been divided into two parts which are as different as day and night.

The first part was spent with white people. The only Negroes I knew were the servants and with the exception of one old black woman I knew none of them well. Then, the same as now, an idea was firmly fixed in popular American psychology that a black skin invariably went with laziness, sleepiness, a tendency to steal everything in reach, and a love for singing mammy songs and dancing.

Southerners who wrote about Negroes always intimated that such was the case except when they told about some faithful, self-sacrificing freedman who clung to his former master in the face of terrible adversities. Writers north of the Mason and Dixon line usually fashioned their copy about Negroes so as to show the utter wickedness and cruelty of the southern whites in their dealings with the blacks. Nobody presented Negroes as people but rather as queer creatures who were endowed by the Most High with emotions altogether different from the ones He gave to men with white or red or yellow skins.

My marriage changed my surroundings. My new home was an old plantation where hundreds of black people lived and where the only white people were the members of my own family. I could not understand what the Negroes said, and they could not understand me. My attempts to talk to them were difficult and sometimes embarrassing. Their strange manners and queer clothes were as new to me as their dialect, for they still held fast to many customs and ideas of their African ancestry.



Little by little I learned their words. Curiosity and amusement moved me, and I became interested in the people who so patiently worked the stubborn fields and forced them to make the good crops which provided my food and clothes and pleasures.

I soon found that their quaint dialect was not only musical and expressive but filled with wit and wisdom.

Their taboos and traditional inhibitions were not like mine, but their religion and manners and tastes were shaped by a code just as rigid, and any deviation from their rules of conduct excited sharp disapproval.

Of course, nowadays, it is the fashion to be interested in Negroes. Everybody reads and writes about them, and goes to see plays and cabarets where they are the center of interest; but I do believe that the kindest, most courteous and charming Negroes in the world are to be found on our old Southern plantations where no voice from the outside world ever reaches. Here they have time for talk and rest and pleasure and to turn up their bare black feet to the sun. Yet when these Negroes go to crowded cities where there is scarcely room to stand up even in the cold hard places, they learn to speak a new language, to make new gestures, and outwit the city man at his own game.

Lately, I saw a check which a black South Carolina proprietor of a popular city night club paid to another black South Carolina real estate agent for a month's rent; I doubt if the average member of the great Ku Klux Klan can make so much money in a year.

Pascal thought that most authors should say "our books" and not "my books" since there is usually more of other people's in them than the author's own. Certainly, this is true of the books I write, for they are nothing but an effort to record what some of the black people I know say and think about other black lives. I must be amazingly ambiguous, for while one of my books was being denounced as indecent by a number of respectable people it was also

being reviewed at length on the regular monthly program of a Presbyterian Ladies' Missionary Society in a thriving Ohio town. This disturbs me. My words must not fit the exact truth of facts. But at least I know well the people about whom I write. One of the black women here who knows me best pays me this pleasant compliment: "Miss has got a white skin for-true, but I believe his heart is black as my-own."

JULIA PETERKIN

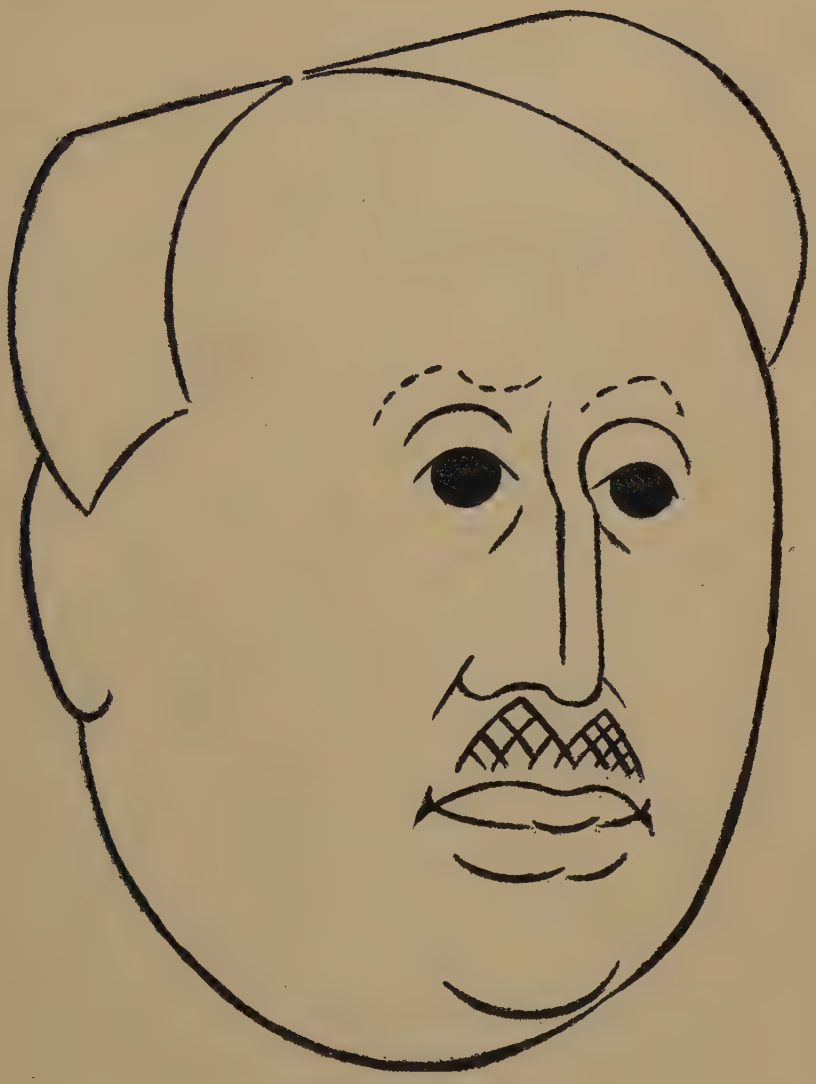
THE WORKS OF JULIA PETERKIN

1924—"Green Thursday." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1927—"Black April." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

1928—"Scarlet Sister Mary." The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

WHY I write? The question delights me. Without exaggeration I may say that it draws heaven closer. Though I do not know the answer, I am certain of the direction in which the solution to this and related problems is to be found; and that, believe me, is quite transporting.—I write "because" of a sympathetic relationship existing between myself and something invisible and unknown to me, enveloping me like a living atmosphere and moving within me like my blood. This curious oceanic substance fascinates and solicits me incessantly; and might, as a steady object of interest, be called the cause of the activity directed toward it. Always ranging somewhere upon its borders, I feel it close behind things that are known to me, man-made as well as natural things, buildings and streets and works of art as well as faces and bodies, land and cloud-scapes. Frequently I find it connected with past and future, particularly my past and that of the city of New York; sometimes with my parents; more often with a slowly growing, changing group of intimates, collaborators and acquaintances; with books, painting and music; and with a number of concepts and interests. Though I feel it present in a degree in or behind everything, that degree is never very large and infectious in certain classes of work, on later examination proving themselves consequences of precepts, theories, conscious principles and all other kinds of personal interests. Only the sort of things done in accordance with the strange, unpredictable, unfathomable suggestions of this ever-changing "unknown" invisible element; in indifference to the habits of the past and the convictions of authorities; and in unsanctified fields and by unhallowed methods, succeed in moving me; particularly those re-



sponsive to the "unknown" pressing on me and my time. There, as in many natural forms, its presence or trace is a sort of wonder, a thing of delight and fine torment arousing curiosity; spurring me in spite of the fact that I know I can never seize or possess it, to search out the source of agitation; at least, to try and push back a little the mists shrouding it from me. There is nothing more rewarding than exploration of its ineffable reaches; all my profound pleasures containing some such element of search and discovery in it. To touch even the fringe of its robe is to feel everything made right, to find, in the words of Blake "one thought filling immensity." Not the least of its great attractions is just the fact that for all I may do not one thousandth part of it will be revealed to me before I die.

And why do my discoveries take what might with no mean charity be called "artistic" form? Why do I verbalize them, and try to make words render the very material feel of things? The answers to these riddles lie very close to the "reason" for my desire to discover. I am convinced that were a complete physiological analysis of myself and of the society in which I grew up, at all possible (and for the present the complete analysis of a person and society are out of the question) these matters would still remain dark. Final answers are much further up the road than any of us have gotten. Hence, although I can mention a few so-called hereditary factors, I do so without protestation. Among the six individuals my grandfathers and greatgrandfathers, there were four professional men; a doctor, a schoolmaster, a cantor and a banker. The remaining two were brewers, but they too, possibly, facilitated a little non-commercial career. There was marked aestheticism and even intellectuality in both my parents. I grew up amid an amount of spontaneous music-making: my mother being a gifted pianist; and amid much talk of books and writers: my father being an indefatigable reader, chiefly of Dickens's novels and the histories of Gibbon, Macauley, Schiller, Taine and others. My own absorption in literature commenced somewhere around my twelfth year. Dur-

ing the winter following my mother's death, my father read me the trial scene from "Ivanhoe": I felt the intense emotion in his voice. One day I discovered the historical romance in the school lending-library, and though I had devoured the usual Alger, Oliver Optic and Henty, realized that I had come upon a new and intense pleasure. I must have read "Ivanhoe" fifteen times during the next two or three years; and "Peveril of the Peak" many times too. I had already found "writing" fun; and about the time of the Scott craze was occupied in forming a lending library with the aid of my cousin Henry Furst. That is, Henry and I wrote "books" which we pinned together, and lent to each other.—In the fall of my fifteenth year, I found "Alexander's Feast," "An Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day" and "The Eve of Saint Agnes" in an old anthology: it was a little as though someone had poured the contents of jewel-boxes over my dizzied head. Later, Shelley (to whom I had been attracted by a word concerning his atheism), George Meredith, Whitman, Morris, Pater and Yeats became the conjurers. I remark that all these prose-men and poets belong to the high-stylistic company (the Yeats who interested me was the earlier, pre-raphaelite one). Nevertheless, I suspect that the authors who set an ideal before me first were George Moore and Arthur Symons, the Moore of the confessions and "Evelyn Innes," the Symons of the essays and "Spiritual Adventures"; both of them read during my sophomore year at college. Here, particularly, in Moore, was something eminently "real," racy, magical of phrase and close to what I felt mysteriously affecting in grey evenings and moments when lights and houses sped by rainy train-windows. It must have been a little before this time that I knew quite definitely that I expected to "write." Now, I see that the decision had been made a long time before, and had been sitting there quietly like someone in a railway waiting-room attending his train-hour. While at prep-school, I had talked romantically of becoming a chemist, a forester, and even a lawyer (when I was small, my father had persuaded me that I was to become a

doctor like his own good parent); but I had always spoken without enthusiasm, under some exterior compulsion. This final circumstance, like those preceding it, I cite as straws and twigs merely revealing the way a current moved. I hope to be able to push further along this line on some not too remote occasion.

PAUL ROSENFELD

THE WORKS OF PAUL ROSENFELD

1920—"Musical Portraits." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1923—"Musical Chronicle." The Dial Press, New York.

1924—"Port of New York." The Dial Press, New York.

1925—"Men Seen." The Dial Press, New York.

1927—"The American Caravan." (Co-Ed.) The Macaulay Co., New York.

1928—"The Boy and the Sun." The Macaulay Co., New York.

1928—"The Second American Caravan." (Co-Ed.) The Macaulay Co., New York.

1928—"By Way of Art." Coward-McCann, Inc., New York.

THE world is not a "prison-house," but a kind of kindergarten, where millions of bewildered infants are trying to spell God with the wrong blocks.

Poetry is a language that tells us, through a more or less emotional reaction, something that cannot be said. All real poetry, great or small, does this. And it seems to me that poetry has two characteristics. One is that it is indefinable, and one is that it is eventually unmistakable.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

1896—"The Torrent and the Night Before." (Privately Printed.)

1897—"The Children of the Night." R. G. Badger & Co., New York.

1902—"Captain Craig." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

1905—"The Children of the Night." (Sec. Ed.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

1910—"The Town Down the River." Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

1914—"Van Zorn." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1915—"The Porcupine." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1915—"Captain Craig." (Revised Ed.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

1916—"The Man Against the Sky." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1917—"Merlin." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1920—"The Three Taverns." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1920—"Lancelot." T. Seltzer, New York.

1921—"Avon's Harvest." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1921—"Collected Poems." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1923—"Roman Bartholow." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1924—"The Man Who Died Twice." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1925—"Dionysus in Doubt." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1927—"Tristram." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1928—"Sonnets (1889–1927)." Crosby Gaige and The Macmillan Co., New York.

I AM credulous about the destiny of man, the future of the race, and the importance of illusions. I would like to be in the same moment an earthworm (which I am) and a rider to the moon (which I am).

CARL SANDBURG

1915—"Chicago Poems." Henry Holt & Co., New York.

1918—"Cornhuskers." Henry Holt & Co., New York.

1920—"Smoke and Steel." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1922—"Slabs of the Sunburnt West." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1922—"Rootabaga Stories." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1923—"Rootabaga Pigeons." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1925—"Selected Poems." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1926—"Abraham Lincoln." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1927—"The American Songbag." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1928—"Good Morning, America." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

IT is my idea that a writer, to be of any consequence, should have something to say which is likely to be of use to other men in understanding how to live.

UPTON SINCLAIR

1901—"Springtime and Harvest. A Romance." Sinclair Press, New York.

1903—"The Journal of Arthur Stirling." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

1903—"Prince Hagen. A Phantasy." L. C. Page, New York.

1904—"Manassas. A Novel of the War." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1906—"A Captain of Industry." Haldeman-Julius, Girard, Kan.

1907—"The Jungle." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

1907—"The Industrial Republic." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

1907—"The Overman." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

1908—"The Metropolis." Moffat Yard, New York.

1910—"The Moneychangers." Dodge Publishing Co., New York.

1910—"Samuel the Seeker." Dodge Publishing Co., New York.

1911—"Plays of Protest." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1911—"The Fasting Cure." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1911—"Love's Pilgrimage." Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

1913—"Damaged Goods." (From Brieux' Play). Winston, New York.

1913—"Sylvia. A Novel." Winston, New York.

1914—"Sylvia's Marriage." Winston, New York.

1915—"The Cry for Justice." (Ed.) Winston, New York.

1917—"King Coal." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1918—"The Profits of Religion." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1919—"The Brass Check." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1919—"The Crimes of the Times." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1920—"100%. The Story of a Patriot." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1921—"The Book of Life." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1922—"They Call me Carpenter." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1923—"Hell." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1923—"The Goose-Step." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1924—"The Goslings." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1924—"Singing Jailbirds." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1924—"The Millenium." Haldeman-Julius, Girard.

1924—"The Pot-Boiler." Haldeman-Julius, Girard.

1925—"Mammonart." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1925—"Bill Porter." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1926—"Letters to Judd, an American Workingman." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1926—"The Spokesman's Secretary." Upton Sinclair, Pasadena.

1927—"Oil!" A. & C. Boni, New York.

1927—"Money Writes!" A. & C. Boni, New York.

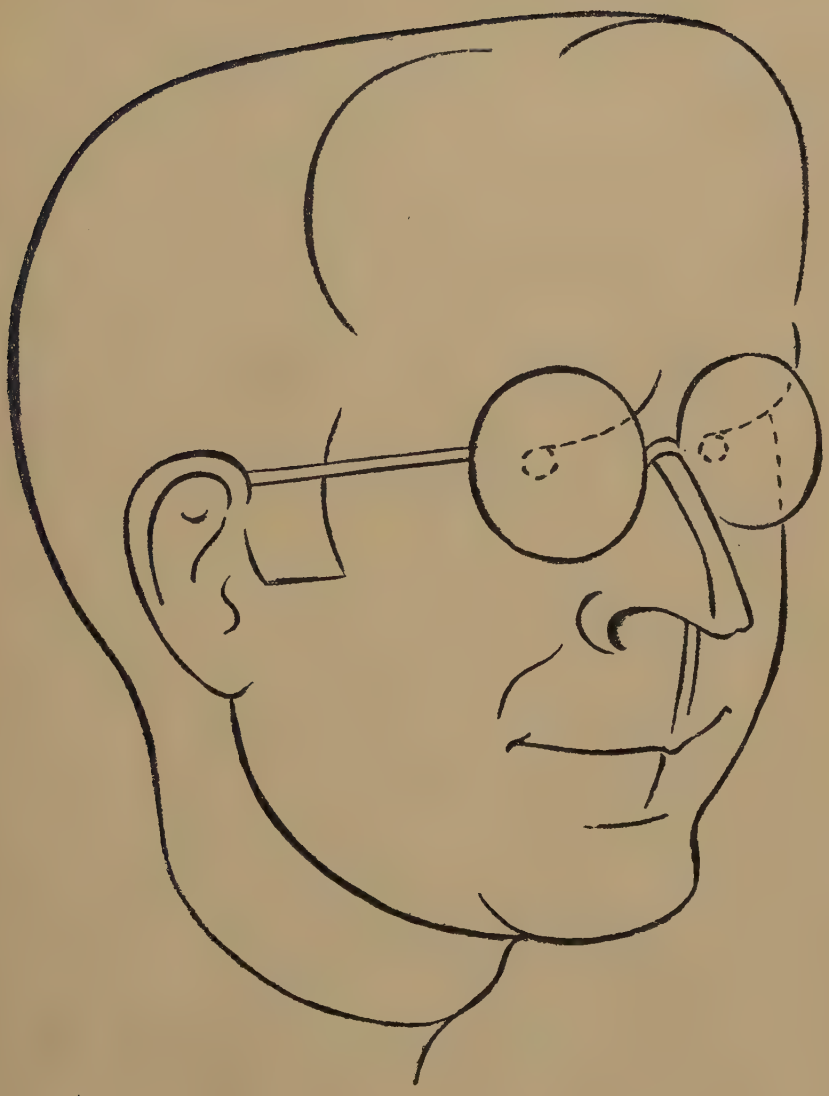
1928—"Boston." A. & C. Boni, New York.

1928—"Singing Jailbirds." Prod. by The New Playwrights Theatre, New York.

I AM thirty-three years of age.

I am not yet old enough (and I hope that I never shall be old enough) to have a message. I have had a very good time. I hope to be able to continue to do so. I seem, in that respect, to differ considerably from the current writers of "significant" American literature, most of whom I believe to be dull, second rate, cowardly souls. It was Rabelais, I believe, who said that the proper function of mankind was to laugh. I agree with him. And I do not believe that he included in that function either the sad tired smile of irony or the loud weeping bellow of despair.

DONALD OGDEN STEWART



1921—"A Parody Outline of History," George H. Doran Co., New York.

1922—"Perfect Behavior," George H. Doran Co., New York.

1923—"Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind," George H. Doran Co., New York.

1924—"Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad," George H. Doran Co., New York.

1925—"The Crazy Fool," A. & C. Boni, New York.

1926—"Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France," Harper & Brothers, New York.

1929—"Father Williams." Harper & Brothers, New York.

ALL art forms have one essential basis. All are trying to snatch from mortality one tiny thing which at least must be immortal. All tend to merge, and yet all are variations from the others. Each has its tiny province of time and place to link with timelessness.

The art of fiction is one of the loosest of all these forms—so loose that it is exploited for every other end than its own: to utter prophecies, to "solve" problems, to teach moral lessons, to play mental games of chess with human pawns, to prove theses and to set out philosophies, to glorify the personalities of authors, and—under an adroit veiling of romance—to take revenge upon their enemies. Under all this smothering of interesting irrelevancies and sheer rubbish, the particular province of fiction is almost a lost spot.

Yet, no matter what it may be forced to do, there is still one thing that fiction can do better than any other form of art: it can deal with human life as it is lived upon the earth. That it does so through endless varieties of form and interpretation is a proof, not a refutation of such a statement. Every great novel that has survived owes its survival to the vitality of the phase of human life which it somehow embodies. Fiction is the most concrete form of literature; and to those minds which cannot perceive that the abstract lives in the concrete, it therefore seems trivial. But, to my mind, all the high-sounding abstractions in the world have less value and less delight than the perception, in the most local of habitations, of the most universal things.

RUTH SUCKOW

1924—"Country People." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1925—"The Odyssey of a Nice Girl." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1926—"Iowa Interiors." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1928—"The Bonney Family." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

WE always sang four-part songs, in the islands, at school and singing was important. I sat with the altos and sang the dark humming parts. After about a year, came along a singing teacher who applied her octaves and diagnosed:

"But you are a soprano."

There it was again. I was a freckled blonde when I wanted to be brunette, white when I wanted to be Hawaiian, and a soprano when I wanted to be alto.

"I'm going to keep on singing alto." That was final.

"Very well, and ruin your voice. You have a real soprano. And you might sing solos."

And so, Alto against Nature, with now, (she was right), no voice at all . . . and the only chance for singing, on paper. Uncomfortable as a dog within ear-shot of high sopranos, still liking best middle register and counterpoint.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

1921—"The Measure" (A Magazine). (Ed.)

1922—"For Eager Lovers." Thomas Seltzer, New York.

1924—"Hawaiian Hilltop." Wyckoff & Gelber, San Francisco.

1924—"Continent's End." (An Anthology.) (Ed.) California Book Club, San Francisco.

1925—"Maydays." (An Anthology.) (Ed.) Boni & Liveright, New York.

1926—"Words for the Chisel." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1928—"Travelling Standing Still." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

IF the human race ever has knowledge enough, it can get everything else there is to be got. It never will, but there is still a great deal of pleasure in adding to its knowledge and subtracting from its ignorance. Only one other form of pleasure surpasses this one.

CARL VAN DOREN

1911—"Thomas Love Peacock." J. M. Dent, London.

1914—"Judith by Friedrich Hebbel." (Transl.) Poet Lore, New York.

1921—"Cambridge History of American Literature." (In coll.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

1921—"The American Novel." The Macmillan Company, New York.

1922—"Contemporary American Novelists. 1890 to 1920." The Macmillan Co., New York.

1923—"The Roving Critic." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1924—"Many Minds." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1925—"Other Provinces." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1925—"James Branch Cabell." Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

1925—"American and British Literature since 1890." (In coll.) The Century Co., New York.

1926—"The Ninth Wave." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

TO qualify as one of the subjects of this collection, I shall have to confess my chief claims to distinction: First as the only editor in the country who is not also a critic; and second as the only Van Doren—in New York, at least—who does not write. To add more would only endanger this happy record.

IRITA VAN DOREN

I HAVE few complaints to make about the world. I like it. But I like it best in certain of its simpler aspects that are not found in cities. I do not care a great deal for New York, with its pressures and its opportunities, and hope some day to discover a way of living on my farm in Connecticut. I grow uncomfortable under complications—which is one reason that I don't go in for criticism of society, which is quite too complicated a thing for me to understand.

MARK VAN DOREN

1916—"Henry David Thoreau." Houghton Mifflin, Boston.

1920—"The Poetry of John Dryden." Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

1924—"Spring Thunder and Other Poems." Thomas Seltzer, New York.

1924—"Seven P. M. and Other Poems." A. & C. Boni, New York.

1925—"American and British Literature since 1890." (In coll.) The Century Co., New York.

1927—"Edwin Arlington Robinson." The Literary Guild, New York.

1928—"Now the Sky and Other Poems." A. & C. Boni, New York.

1927—"An American Bookshelf." (Ed.), Macy-Massius, New York.

Samuel Sewall's Diary.
Parson Weems' Life of Washington.
William Bartram's Travels.
Robert Bird's "Nick of the Woods."
William Byrd's "Journey to the Land of Eden and Other Papers."

1904—"Five Old English Ditties." (Comp.) N. Nelson, Chicago.

1915—"Music after the Great War." G. Schirmer, New York.

1916—"Music and Bad Manners." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1917—"Interpreters and Interpretations." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1918—"The Merry-Go-Round." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1918—"The Music of Spain." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1920—"In the Garret." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1920—"A Letter by Morgan Lewis Fitch." (Ed.) (Privately Printed.)

1920—"Interpreters." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1920—"The Tiger in the House." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1921—"Lords of the Housetops." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1922—"Peter Whiffle. His Life and Works." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1923—"The Blind Bow-Boy." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1924—"The Tattooed Countess." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1925—"Red." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1925—"Firecrackers." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

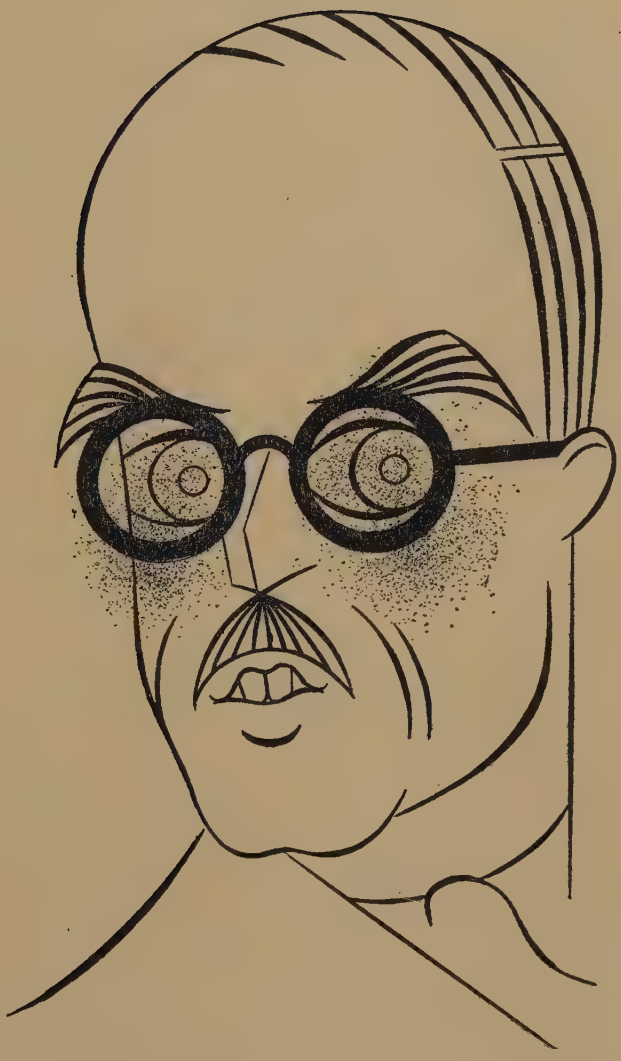
1926—"Excavations." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1927—"Nigger Heaven." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

1928—"Spider Boy." Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

I THINK of my work as being French in form and manners (Saint-Simon and La Bruyère); German in feeling (Bach and Beethoven); and American in eagerness.

THORNTON WILDER



1926—"Cabala." A. & C. Boni, New York.

1926—"The Trumpets Shall Sound." Prod. by the American Laboratory Theatre.

1927—"The Bridge of San Luis Rey." A. & C. Boni, New York.

1928—"The Angel that Troubled the Waters." Coward-McCann, Inc., New York.

THE greatest work of the twentieth century will be that of those who are placing literature on a plane superior to philosophy and science. Present day despairs of life are bred of the past triumphs of these latter. Literature will lay truth open upon a higher level. If I can have a part in that enterprise I shall be extremely contented. It will be an objective synthesis of chosen words to replace the common dilatoriness with stupid verities with which everyone is familiar. Reading will become an art also. Living in a backward country as all which are products of the scientific and philosophic centuries must be I am satisfied, since I prefer not to starve, to live by the practice of medicine which combines the best features of both science and philosophy with that imponderable and enlightening element, disease, unknown in its normality to either. But like Pasteur when he was young or anyone else who has something to do I wish I had more money for my literary experiments.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

1913—"The Tempers." Elken Mathews, London.

1917—"Al Que Quiere." The Four Seas Co., Boston.

1920—"Cora in Hell." The Four Seas Co., Boston.

1921—"Sour Grapes." The Four Seas Co., Boston.

1922—"Contact. A Magazine." (Co-ed.)

1923—"The Great American Novel." The Three Mountains Press, Paris.

1923—"Spring and All." The Contact Publishing Co., Paris.

1926—"In the American Grain." A. & C. Boni, New York.

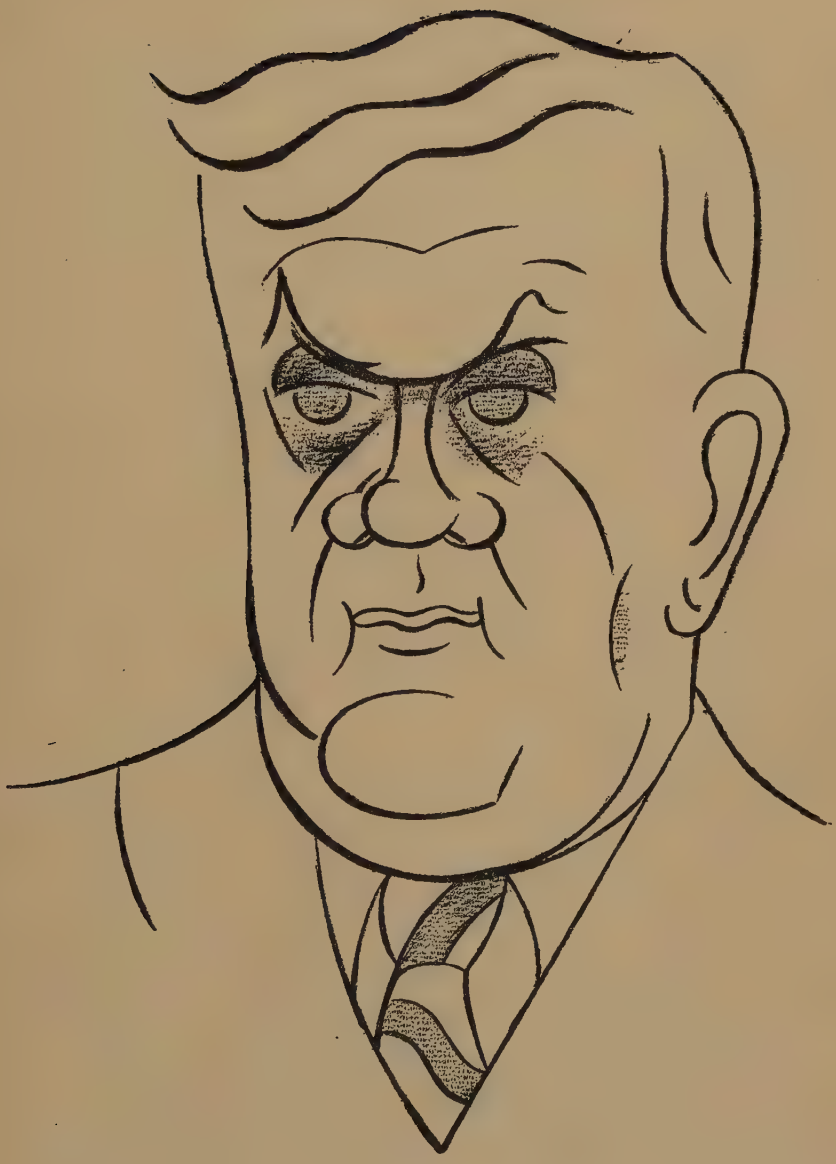
1928—"A Voyage to Pagany." The Macaulay Co., New York.

AS a literary man it has been my good fortune to be misunderstood. "Bunk"—my first novel—was taken by the American public as a humorous book, though it contains enough radical and revolutionary ideas to send Upton Sinclair to jail for life if he had written it. For a day or two I was spoken of as a rival of Ring Lardner, while, in fact, I am not a humorist at all, but a solemn and moody person. "Bunk" still sells as a funny book, and I continue to get letters from people who declare that, in reading it, they "laughed and laughed." I am glad that it turned out as it did, for although I want to distribute my ideas as widely as possible, I would not like a visit from the Ku Klux Klan, nor would I like to have the National Security League dogging after me.

There is only one thing in my writing career that I regret. I invented the word "debunking," and I shall never hear the last of it. The debunking label is tied to me for life, and this thought makes me very sad. I cannot put a thing in print without having this ugly word thrown in my face. If I had written Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" reviewers would announce that I had set out to debunk skylarks. I wrote a faithful, careful—and I hope, scholarly—life of George Washington, and almost every newspaper in the United States said I had attempted to debunk the Father of Our Country. The truth is that I did nothing of the kind.

P. S. I have just published a life of General Grant—who was a conscientious, honest, and rather pathetic figure. Wait—just wait—and see "Woodward Debunks Grant" flower over the face of the newspapers.

W. E. WOODWARD.



THE WORKS OF W. E. WOODWARD

1923—"Bunk." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1924—"Lottery." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1925—"Bread and Circuses." Harper & Brothers, New York.

1926—"George Washington. The Image and the Man." Boni & Liveright, New York.

1928—"Meet General Grant." Horace Liveright, New York.